

FOLLY

IN

PRINT,

OR,

A Book of RYMES.

*Whoever buyes this Book will say,
There's so much Money thrown away;
The Author thinks you are to blame;
To buy a Book without a Name;
And to say truth, it is so bad,
A worse is nowhise to be had.*

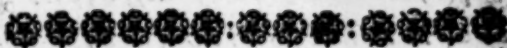


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To the Reader.



Courteous Reader,

TH E whole world
(imaginably) is but
one great market;
and all mankind in it, are
distinguish'd into buyers and
sellers, who either truck for,
or buy Commodities; parti-
cularly in Books, where for
money or exchange, we take
our choice, and in our own
Election please our selves;
Mens judgments, as their
A 3 appetites,

To the Reader

appetites are very different, the Market's free to buy or cheapen: who buyes upon the sellers word, may be deceived, who chooseth ill deceives himself.

I doe not promise for my Book nor say 'tis good, but here's variety and each man (of his own pallat) is the certain judge: it may please some, to them 'tis good, by whom dislik'd, to them as bad.

When the Gazets are cry'd, we buy in expectation of something new, yet though the
news

To the Reader.

*news be ne're so good, in three
days time 'tis laid aside, though
we were pleas'd with our pe-
ny worth: I cannot expect a
better fortune in this compo-
sition, 'tis now expos'd to your
censure; If it meet with gene-
rous Patrons, I am oblig'd
to serve you agen, and better,
from your incouragement.*

Farewel.

ERRATA.

PAge 4 for Plunder, r. Plunders. p. 7. l. 21. f. when, r. where. p. 9. l. 10. r. if all black coats. p. 21. l. 6. f. had r. had. p. 17. l. 10. f. scruple, r. scruples. p. 19. l. 14. r. indeed. ed. p. 30. l. in the Title, r. *M. cur. Angelus*. l. 22. r. and as a stream. p. 34. l. 19. f. antiquity, r. antiquities. p. 40. l. 7. f. treasures, r. treasures. p. 41. in the title, r. since fortune than are grown so. — p. 43. l. 19. r. one picture would be cut in. p. 5. l. 6. read with a little thing for a certain. p. 50. l. 7. r. Rabbet, Rabbet, Raiber, or. p. 58. l. 9. f. the flock r. his flock. l. 10. f. kiddy, r. kiddeys. p. 66. l. 20. f. devils, r. devils. p. 74. l. 10. r. his pike shrinks in his hand. p. 79. l. 1. dele ts. p. 92. l. 15. r. she nimble whisks it about. p. 95. l. 2. r. Hopkins jiggs the saltbeads. l. 4. f. homity, r. homety. p. 102. l. 9. f. hornes, r. horn. p. 114. l. 18. f. those boors, r. rebels.

Folly in Print:

OR, A

Book of Rhymes.

The *Cotſal* Sheapheards.

To the Tune of

Amarillis told her Swain.



LL ye that love, or who pretends,
Come liſten to my Sonnet,
Black-baggs or vizards, who have friends,
Or Engliſh Teags or Bonnets,
See here our Sheapheardeſſe, and Swain,
How they make love on *Cotſal* Plain.

Biſ. Amarillis why ſo coy,
Think'ſt thou that the winged Boy,
Can never overtake thee;

Biſ. Colin (no) I flye not him
But thou who wilt forſake me,

(2)

Bis. Dearest I forsake my Sheep,
And forget to eat or sleep,
To follow *Amarillis*,
And dying lye down at thy feet,
Since such thy cruel will is:

Treason makes a goddly show,
Black that's cover'd ore with Snow;
The eye doth not discover,
—I must have more assurance yet
E're I become a Lover,

In extreamest winter cold,
I hunt Foxes from thy fould,
Nor will I marry *Phillis*;
But in thine absence close mine eyes,
and call on *Amarillis*.

Yet thou didst the other day
At our pastoralls in *May*,
Hear *Coridon* to jeere me;
Who said I was not yet so fair,
That *Colin* need to feare me.

Envy cannot make thee foul,
Nor fine words make fayer soul;
Nor Clownes can change their natures,
'He dye to tell the world that you
Exceed them all in features.

Colin

Colin live, for I am thine,
 Drive thy Flocks up unto mine,
 I'll yield to thy Embraces,
 And Chant thee pleasing Round delays,
 Do thou foot comely Paces.

Happy *Collin*, fayrest Maid,
 My grief and care, thou hast assay'd,
 With words so sweetly charming,
 Now on this Banke, thou shalt confess
 I fear no others harming.

Dearest *Colin* stay awhile,
 The time with talke we will beguile,
 Till Evening shall befrend us;
 Wee'l then take in, that happiness
 Which love anon will send us.

Now *Colin*, *Amarillis* now
 He did, she did, swear and vow,
 They'd never part asunder;
 Forsworne they part, and meet agen,
 But that's no lovers wonder.

The English Seamans Fortune, with a
Dutch Ufro, at the burning of *Scelling*.

To the Tune of

Phillis though thy powerful Charms.

FAyre Maids who pass by, give ear to my song,
So short and so sweet, you'll not think it long
Come buy all my Ballads, I have no more,
Rich hangings for walls, or your Chamber door.

➤ To'th Sea braye English men apace,
The Prizes stay, till you give chace,
One broad-side, down their Colours fall,
Divide the purchase, 'mongst you all,
Then each man to his mate shall say,
God send us such another day,
We need no more at Sea to Roam,
With *Naw* and *Bes*, weel fight at home.

Your Merchant Voyages are long,
The Seas are rough and Pirates strong,
And when y'ave toyld for little pay,
One Frolick spends it in a day:
The Dutchmen are your Indies now,
Add victory will crown your Brow;
Your Countrey shall your welcome sing,
The Bells within your Pockets ring.

Some

Some few, as happily are dead,
Who living lye in honours-bedd;
What City, Town, or Village can
But boast, that they had such a man;
Who kill'd ten Dutchmen ere he fell,
And thousand Canons rung his knell:
The swift rebounding Echoes fly
To tell the world 'tis I, 'tis I.

Those who before had names unknown,
Are now proclaimed, by Trumpets blown,
Great Generalls, and men of fame,
Are fellow Actors, in this game;
How bravely have you chose to dye,
Remembred in such company,
Whil'st others are in surfers drown'd,
And dye forgotten, ye are crown'd.

But now the storm, and Schelling fire,
A true relation doth require:
The landing fight, and bold advance,
The Souldiers with 'Thad been in France,
But wine and Feathers, or Kick-chose,
Can never make amends, for blowes;
Ye must have plunders rich, and prize,
To dazle the beholders eyes.

The Newes-books tells us of the fact,
How *Holmes* and others there did act,
Of Bibles, Knives, and silver Spoons,

Of Carpets wrought, in Turkish moons,
 Of Pewter, Brass, and such like stoff
 To frait the Fleet, there was enough,
 But I remember must my friend
 To whom this Ballad I commend.

His Father 'mongst the Cavaliers,
 Had payd for jealousies and fears,
 This son the yongest was of three,
 His fortune small, must go to Sea,
 Where he hath had a lucky hirt,
 Through courage added to his witt,
 And brought a fire, (to warm his bedd)
 From *Schelling*, a Dutch-Maydenhead.

A Maid amongst the fairest faire,
 Black-eye, and slender, Debonaire
 And by *Dewitt*, her uncle sent,
 To see her Aunt, in Complement;
 Who when the *English* landed there,
 Surpriz'd with such a sudden fear,
 Gave all her Jewels to her niece,
 But th'were our Seemans Golden Fleece.

For as she trembling, stood to gaze,
 When first the fire, began to blaze
 Our Mariner, who that way came
 Saw her, he thought, the greater flame,
 Whom she endeavour'd not to shun
 But Fate directing, to him run,

Mine

Mine Liven-here, but save my life
She said, and take me for thy wife.

He's Rings, and Jewels, Gold and Pearl
Enough, to make an *English* Earl ;
He took her in his armes, and swore,
He wish'd her less, to love her more ;
Then chang'd her habit having sound,
A man's was drop't upon the ground ;
Aboard he goes, with his fine boy,
And now, I hope you'l give them joy.

The Captain viewing well his prise
A rancome offer'd to those eyes,
Believing something there of note
Was Clouded in a Seamans Coat ;
But she reply'd this Marriner
Brought me aboard, his Prisoner
From all, but him, I must be free,
His Cabbin-mate, I mean to be.

In little time, on shoar they went,
And to the west their journey bent ;
VWhen at his Fathers Private seat
They both, their fortunes, did repeat,
Then marry'd were and brought to bed
Till then, she kept her Maydenhead,
And since, with Jewels, which they sold,
A Mannour bought, with *English* Gold.

Three merry Boyes of Kent.

To the Tune of an old song, beginning thus

I rode from England into France.

Or to the Tune of Sir John Sucklings Ballad.

IF you can finde it out, Hear's wit,
The Poet thought so when he writ,
but looking over it agen,
He found not one Conceit in ten
VVho ever writes, in prose or verse,
Gives black and white to his own hearse;
VVhen you have pay'd, and seen a play,
You'll bear more (hence) for less, away.

Of *Mandeville*, I do not tell,
Nor *Cromwells* Citadel in Hell;
No Quaker Dogg, nor wife,
Nor of the King of *France* at *Brest*,
VVith fourscore thousand horse, at least,
VVho daunce to Drumm, and fife.

Of three good fellowes, I must sing,
Who love good wine, obey the King;
And in a pleasant fit
Of late, at Temple stairs took horse,
I wish all women, do no worse,
For we cross-legg'd did sit.

But

But straight we heard a Swine-herds horn
 Who call'd his Cattel forth the Corn,
 Where they broke in to root;
 Yet in such haste, came to the trough,
 As if they nere could have enough
 The Dele and all to boot.

Such fat black hoggs in *Spain* we saw
 Where they have all this common law
 So soon as fat are kill'd;
 If some black cloaks were served so
 They would not sweat and labour so,
 To get their bellies fill'd.

Then close by *Bridwel Dock* we came,
 Where pretty spinners spin for Fame
 And hempe for *Newgate* beat;
 But Kingdoms have their certain dare
 And *Londons* sad, and *Dooms-days* fate
 Hath made them change their fear,

But we affrighted at the ghosts,
 Of chimnies, steeples, half burnt posts
 Tot'h bridge, we swiftly came,
 Where fire and water seem'd to agree,
 I'll burn this part, leave that to thee,
 Yet both increas'd the flame.

Then we approach'd the water fall
 And through a breach, in that old wall

Like

Like Soldiers entered in,
Where we surrounded were with noyle
As if that there ten thousand boys
Were carting Bawds for sin.

Digression.

Old Porter Tame, at Denmark Hayre

By *Isis* (water-nymph) had heirs

Who in the west are bred;

Yet twice a day, run to and fro,

Saluting Parents as they go

And see their Subjects fodd.

In former times, they had a warr

VVith Neighbours who inroach'd so farr,

Their Subjects did complain

Unless a peace they would agree

And open trade into the sea,

They should no longer raise.

At length agreed, a league was made

That both the land, and the sea trade

Should equally divide;

And made a bridg with Avenues

The two Statues at Somerset flairs of Tame
and Isis. Two Rivers joyning make Thames
the heirs, little brooks from the West running into
Thames sh' their Subjects. When the Bridge
was built this water was turn'd against Somers-
set House over the fields, below Redriff,

VVhich

VVhich neither parry shall abuse
Or by a law be try'd.

At *Billingsgate* wee then arrive
And found no people there alive
But Oysters gaping wide,
And sure had they had tongues would tell
VVhat nasty Jades brought them to sell
VVhich cannot be deny'd.

Those *Bacchanallians* we found
Strowd here and there upon the ground
VVhere such discoveries;

Columbus nor *Sir Francis Drake*
In all their voyages did make
Nor such gulfes enterprise.

A thigh uncloathed, not bare, nor skin
But scales of fish where flesh had been
A legg with piss-dy'd clout,
A pack-thred garter which had ry'd
A horse legg, that o'th farcy dy'd,
And such was all the rout.

Had legions of Devils been
But there they might have enter'd in
Their breaches were so wide,
Had not a *Herricane* of wine
Broke forth from all parts, like sea-brine
To cool the Devils pride.

These

These hagg it seems a cellar found
 Where in Canary they were drown'd
 And drank in Oyfter pecks;
 Then rould themselves in postures more
 Then Aretine ere taught before
 But say'd their drunken necks.

Agon our wodden horse we spurr;
 After at least an hours demurre,

The bell at Towre did ring,
 Where we the Lyons could not see
 There was so much Presbitery
 Who came to hear them sing.

Going from thence on t'other side
 The wind and water-mills we spy'd

'Tis not so strange as true,
 The millers grind for e'ry Maid
 And take no Toll, but she is pryd
 The Del'e must have his due.

Then downwards we to Wapping glide
 Where brave bold Pirates have been ty'd

In bonds to drink no more;
 Yet made to drink, though not dry
 Water, wherein they swimm and fly
 Who drank good wine before.

3 Tydes they are to hang till the water overflow them
 and ebbs as oft.

At *Ratcliffe* now we would not touch
 The Seaman lately did so much,
 They needed not our ayde;
 But unto *Cuckolds Haven* came,
 Those Hornes of fortune, and of fame,
 Makes all the world afraid.

The *Butchers* in the *Romans* time,
 And so the *Butchers* in our clime
 Do offer Sacrifice.
 To fortune, *Rome* a Temple built,
 And they a Poast with Horns have guilt,
 That Dazled all our eyes.

This place miscalled, weeping cross,
 VVhere he that gets, laments his loss;
 'Tis jealousy creates
 More Knights of Fame, with Coates and crests,
 Then *Ireland* sent us horned beasts,
 Before the first debates.

But we would have the *Iris* go,
 Unless they bring their women too
 Blew bonnets and mafoyes;
 Let altogether homewards trudge,
 We have enow at home can drudge,
 And get our women boyes.

But now our homages were paid,
 Our selves to *Driford* we conveyed,

You must not think it much
 That they build there, strong **Towns of wood,**
 Are garrison'd with men and food,
 To beat the sawy **Dutch.**

At **Greenwich** then we went on shore,
 Our Countreymen were in a Roar,
 Who thought we had been lost,
 But our adventures being told,
 They swore that we were very cold,
 Which wee beleiv'd before,

God bless the Town, we call'd for fire
 And sack that warms a little higher,
 And for a Maid and meat;
 The Bells bid welcome to the Town,
 And all the lasses up and down,
 Are now prepar'd to treat.

The Hampshire Mayd, or the Wench

Progr.

FAyre Mayds and young Men,
 Come circle me round,
 Theres not one in ten,
 If bucksome and sound,
 But here will commend our blith **Hampshire lase,**
 And do as she did, whate ere comes to pass,
 Or if she do not, will be counted as such,

To the sweet tune of *Sammel Rofey*
Kings Clow

Joan Towfer, am I call'd,
 And I love lusty Robin:
 Though he be rough
 He's sure enough,
 And flouts as well as *Scopin*.

But if he does not please me,
 And comes not at my calling,
 With *Tom* or *Dick*,
 I will not stick
 To wrastle for a falling.

And if they fall upon me,
 Although that I lye under,
 'He kick and fling
 Like any thing,
 Shall make them both to wonder.

If *Doll* or *Kate* will tarry,
 Be coy, and yet stay longer,
 'He not be sick,
 But play the trick,
 I ne're shall do it younger.

For if that I should tarry,
 Until my Father wedd me:

I should loose ten
 Good Husbandmen,
 Who sooner would behead me.

This six months have I longed,
 Now 'll be mine own carver:
 For one poor man
 Do what he can,
 Will only be my starver.

But I have been so ruff'd
 I finde my belly swelling,
 In *London Town*
 I'll lay it down,
 Where I will take my dwelling.

The Carryer came up with me
 A well trust, lusty *Roger*,
 Broad 'ith Back
 As any Pack,
 'Im sure he was no dodger.

He us'd me then so kindly,
 And called me his dear honey,
 But I know not,
 What ere he got,
 'Im sure he got no money.

Now I am at my Lodging,
 To entertain a Prentice,

And

And he shall pay
For Robin's play ;
His Masters call my rent is,

But when their cash doth fail me,
Then I am for your gallant ;
A Redcoat Knight
Is my delight,
For to improve my Talent

Next I my case will open,
A man of Law shall plead it,
Though he were blinde,
Hee'll surely finde
The way for him to read it.

Then to the City Lectures
With Bible tread demurely,
My rowling eyes
And holy lyes,
Will get a Brother surely.

Next, some good Able-Teacher,
My Scruple must resolve me,
For hee's the man
Who will and can
Abundantly absolve me.

My Half-crown at a Playhouse,
Young Heirs and Lords sit by me,
C
With

VVith *China-fruits*,
Commence their suits,
Like VVater-men they ply me.

But when the play is ended,
And each man hopes a favour;
My Coach is gone,
But here is one
My Lord sayes, Now I haue her.

The Streets I walk at Twi-light,
And juffle, if I like him;
Then pardon ask,
Pull of my Mask,
'Tis ten to one I strike him.

Sometimes I shrink as fearful,
VVhen any man comes high me,
Let fall my Glove,
And then my Love
Will take it up and try me.

How happy this Incounter,
Replies my civil Cully,
And this fair hand
Shall now be man'd,
So thus I catch my Bully.

But not unto my lodging,
Idare not for my Mother,

Or have an Aunt,
Will give and graunt,
A sister or a brother.

Yet I will give a meeting,
But you shall promise further,
No other force,
But your discourse,
Or I will cry out murther.

And thus my Nets are spreading,
To catch my Woodcocks flying:
Yet seem as coy
As any Boy,
And am as often crying.

Then I complain my fortune
How I did first miscarry:
A friend untrue,
Did me pursue,
Who promis'd me to marry.

But he came up to *London*,
I followed my false lover;
To Sea he's gone,
Or lives unknown,
Where I cannot discover.

For Chamber-rent inbted;
And on the score for feeding,

Till money come
To me from home;
Where I have had good breeding.

But if some friend that's noble
Would free me from this trouble,
Then by this kiss,
I will be his;
And thus I blow my bubble.

Some puny Toasts I wreathe,
With such like brittle stories,
But finde much more,
Who call me whore,
And kick to Rutt like *Torits*.

Though I get store of money,
The Devils in my trading,
When Pimp and Baud,
And Bravo's paid,
I must take in fresh lading.

And now in *Covent Garden*
I lodge, a wife forsaken
A Cavalier;
My Husband dear,
By Pirates lately taken.

This place I cannot rest in,
Young Rogues are grown so cunning,
I

(H)
I shall be smoked,
And soon uncloaked,
Therefore I must be running.

Now I'll pass for a widow,
My waiter and my woman,
In duty they,
So rich must say,
At least I'm for a Yeoman.

And I have many Snicoes,
With treats and presents striving;
But must be gone,
They'll sipde anon,
I am unfit for wiving.

I waver make for faces,
And have learnt to cut patches;
But that's a trade,
As much decay'd,
As that of selling Matches.

I'll back into the Country,
And show them my good breeding,
No, 'tis too late
'Im out of date,
I shall not get my feeding.

Then have amongst the ladies,
Who will if you be willing,

In wheatstones Park,
Give you a mark,
Cost more then forty shillings.

Now you know where to finde me,
At school with Mother Cony;

Then have at all,
Both great and small,
For love or else for money.

The Perspective of Mortality.



Ow vain are all our best delights;
Like shortest days to Winters-nights
Scarce well awake, till our lives-noon
A sickly light, and day is done,
Most wretched mankind, seeming free,
Hath less (then Creatures) liberty;
Help-less, and crying, brought to light
Nurs'd up in hazards, Parents fright,
Taught to be pleased with toys, and then
Forbid delights, when we are men;
Then war, or sickness, want, or trouble,
Blown up with sin, doth break the bubble.

To a Detraction from the Author.

Though I be no Logician,
Nor yet good Naturalist,

Not

Nor seen the strange ~~American~~ ^{in this last Age of}
 Whom the neer Sun hath kiss'd; ^{The will of Heaven}
 I may be honest, modest, free, ^{We will not be}
 And charitable too, ^{say bold, and wilful}
 Obedient to God may be, ^{Times past the like hath}
 What have I more to do? ^{Vainly, is man's hope}
 Desire of knowledge led the way,
 Sin follow'd swiftly on,
 Both Learn'd and Ignorant astray
 Have led Religion;
 Best knowledge by Humility,
 Is taught in wisdoms Schools;
 All other new Philosophy
 Makes wisemen play the fool.

Upon the Fatall years of 1665 and 1666.

WHAT Fate averse, doth ~~Demon~~ ^{Heaven} guide
 To breach an age of Prodigies,
 Kings have no Subjects, who are ty'd
 By any Rule, but Vanities,
 Law, nor Religion, thought good,
 Not first Baptiz'd, in humane blood.

Incorrigible Race of Worms,
 Whom neither Plague, nor War can win,
 Nor fruitful peace, but in new forms,
 Call virtue vice, and vice no sin;
 'Twere better to believe in lies,
 Than to confess, and truth despise.

In this last Age, of wonders sent
The will of Heaven to declare;
We will not see, but willfull be,
Say bold, and wisemen, do not fear
Times-past, the like hath seen, or more
Variety, is natures store.

Thus sensually we dispute,
Against the light of blessed truth,
Till deaths strong Arguments confute
The Follies of our Age and Youth,
And Nature then resolves the doubt
That we were in, when we were out.

*To the Authours wife, in time of the Sicknesse, when
he was beyond the Sea.*

How happy hadst thou Raymond been,
When wip'd from guilt Original,
And cleer from any mortal sin,
If then had been thy Funeral,
But now (alass) afraid to dy,
Because thy *Clara*, is not by.

Almighty Power, whose Providence
Supports my feeble House of Clay,
Do not remove my *Clara* hence
But give us both a longer day,
That both together, we may praise
Our Lord of life, our length of days.

I know,

I know thou knowest, Great God above,
 Her heart doth to thy worship bow;
 Yet She to me, thou gav'st to Love,
 By holy Sacramental vow;
 Do not Shut up, our day so soon,
 For yet (O Lord) it is but noon.

Remember now, thy promis'd aid,
 Though thousands fall on every hand,
 I will not therefore be afraid,
 The Angels are at thy Command;
 Protect her Lord, and so bless me,
 We may together, ever be.

P O E M.

Afflictions plough the Heart of man,
 Fits it for wisdoms seed,
 Then Grace brings forth her blest increase
 Whereon the soul doth feed.

We must be broken e're made strait,
 And wounded to be cur'd;
 Who would not suffer little pain
 To have his health assur'd?

Crosses and dangers which are past,
 With pleasure we repeat,
 The Psalmist never sung so sweet,
 As in a Shepherds fear.

Phyick displeasing to the taste
 Nature assists, to health,
 How comes it then, we do not wish
 For loss producing wealth.

Miser-mankind, who will not give
 One penny from his heap,
 Accursed thrift, to loose a life
 So dear, and sav'd so cheap.

Wound me, O Lord, and make me whole,
 Bind men, and set me free,
 Nay, kill men, so I then may live,
 And die to All but thee.

*An Elegie on Mistris Anne Leonard, daughter to
 Sir Moulton Lambert.*

DEAD is the mirror of her Sex, the Stem
 Of a fair-spreading Cedar, natures Gem,
 Whose Gnoslian Crown, presents her aged Syre
 A brighter Star, then *Ariadnes* fire;
 Alas, dear Parents, would I could express
 Her virtues more, to make your sufferings less:
 She's gone before, your places to prepare,
 The Child provides to ease the parents care:
 Rare Hieroglyphick of a Saint, by death
 In her they learn to live, who gave her breath,
 Earth's seeming joys she leaves, and the worlds
 Flies, and forgets, for a *Memento Mori*. (glory
 Poor

Poor worldless-world, thy longest joyes afford
 As short a span of pleasure, as the gourd
 Which *Jonas* had, 'tis time thou now return
 To *Chaos*, or as tribute to her Urn
 Pay thine own ashes, and Erect a room
 That may out live *Mausolus*, leave no room
 'Twixt Pyramid and Skie, whence Angels shall
 Descend to Celebrate her Festival ;
 And her Harmonious voyce instruct to Sing
 Loud *Hallelujahs*, to great *Salems* King
 In holy Quire, whose joy is to behold
 A Lyons Lamb recover'd to the Fold.

Alluding to the names of Leonard and Lambert.

And now her Angel Soul, in Heaven hath
 With *Judas's* Lyon, and the Lamb of Grace.

Dead is my Dear, a dream is my desire,
 And yet my flesh, in hope, shall here respire.

In super & Caro men requiescit in Spe.

ESSAYES.

To do well, is a Princely thing,
 Though some do speak it Ill,
 Rash Judges, will condemn a King
 To gratifie their will.

The

The advantage of a Noble mind
 In difficulties shows,
 Higher it raiseth them we find,
 Lesse active overthrows.

Her that will raise a building high
 Magnificent to show,
 Must first look downward with his eye,
 and build as deep below.

Sometimes a heart disposed well,
 Within the brain doth breed,
 Right understanding to do well,
 The fruit is like the seed.

But all who names of men do bear,
 Are not so to be thought;
 Unless at helm, doth reason steer
 In Laws of vinture taught.

The strong, the fierce, bold, front, and tall,
 The hardy, wise, and fair,
 Rich, highly born, renown'd withal
 Are Epithetes of Ayr.

whom reason rules not, beasts must be
 Abusing so, their own degree.

The Cause of Paganism at first in the world.

Nature corrupt, and knowledge blind
 By *Adams* fall, those sparks and seeds
 Of heavenly light, yet left behind,
 Appearing then, broke forth in weeds.

For wanting grace, and power, to grow
 To first perfection, did decline
 To superstition, and so
 Worship to creatures did assign.

Mans fearful mind, strange gods did make,
 Which Custom, with the power of Hell,
 Such root in all mankind did take,
 That worst of Ills, they deemed well.

Some Worship'd Devils, some mens Ghosts,
 And others bow'd to Fowl and Fish,
 To Herbs, and bones, and Painted-poasts,
 They knew not what themselves would wish.

The Planets, Fire, the Air, and Sea,
 And every running Brook beside,
 No Virtue, nor no Vice; but they
 Had with false Worship them bely'd,

Some God or Goddess was assign'd
 To all of these; Oh! wretched men

Whose

Whose stubborn wills to sin inclin'd
God suffer'd fall, but rais'd agen.

Such mercies may we ever finde
To worship that eternal light,
Who rais'd the dead, and cur'd the blinde;
And sav'd from everlasting night.

Upon a wise saying of Marcus Auralius Antoninus,

A Heathen Emperour doth teach
What Christians ought to do,
Nature corrupt, to us doth preach,
And gives example too.

The time of mans life's as a point,
The substance ever flowes,
The fence obscure, doth disappoint
Him, when he thinks he knowes.

Our bodies whole composure tends
To base corruption,
Our souls are restless till our ends,
Then none knowes whither gone.

Fortunes uncertain, doubtful fame,
And a stream that's past;
Things of our bodies and our name,
Blank Lots have drawn at last.

And

And as a dream, or Smoak are things
 belonging to the Soul,
 They pass away like sounds of strings,
 Or flights of swiftest fowl.

Our life's a pilgrimage, or warr,
 And same when life is done,
 In little time's forgot so farr,
 That 'tis Oblivion.

One thing remains Philosophy,
 Consisting in this act;
 Thy Spirit keep from injury,
 Or Contumelious fact.

Above all pains and pleasures too,
 Do nothing rash or fain'd,
 Nor over-critically do,
 So keep thy minde unstain'd.

From thine own actions depend,
 Imbracing with content
 What ever comes, which he doth send,
 Whence thou art also sent.

Above all things, death with chearfulness
 Expect, since 'tis no more
 But *Elements* resolvedness,
 To what they were before.

This

This dissolution to all,
 So common do not looke,
 Nature bespeaks thy Funeral,
 Which creep not to, but run.

No ill in nature 'tis to dye,
 To nature tis accordingly;

E S S A Y.

The ignorant and wilfull worldlings say,
 As he who bid good morning to the day,
 Next to his Gold, and that's esteemed best,
 Which is most profitable 'bove the rest;
 If they mean profitable to a man
 As he is rational, then I can
 With them agree, but as a creature then
 I them reject, as bad and senceless men.
 Let nothing cause thee, violate thy faith,
 Immov'd by flattery what any saith,
 Loose not thy modesty, nor hate nor curse,
 Dissemble not, an Hypocrite is worse.
 What ere requires, the secrecy of walls,
 Lust not thou after, nor the white of vayles.
 Thy rational part, and Spirit keepe,
 The Sacred mysteries of virtues deepe
 Within thy heart; how happy then is he,
 Wants neither solitude nor company?
 Neither laments, exclains, nor sighes in vain,
 But lives without desire, or fear, or pain:
 For life or death, he is indifferent,
 Who neither seeks nor shuns, but takes whats sent.

May profit more than in the sword
 It is in the tongue
 Upon the Proverbs.

HE that considers winde and rain,
 Shall neither sow nor reap;
 This proverb sure was made for Spain,
 Where gravity is cheap.

Nothing shall discompose his gate,
 His beads and box perfum'd;
 Though Hay stones fall upon his pate,
 His hat of is presum'd.

Yet he this Proverb so doth cross,
 For all he doth is so,
 Though he doth suffer any loss,
 He alwaies answers no.

HE The Sun and Earth, were made you know
 For him, and fertil South,
 'Tis base to reap or stoop so low,
 The fruit falls in his mouth.

For ev'ry action there is yet
 A fitting season when,
 'Tis time to speak, or silent sit,
 Where providence governs men.

A time may be, when as the words
 Of poor and simple wights,

May profit more than all the Swords
U'sd in the strongest fights.

That City truly found it so,
Which the poor man did save,
As in the Proverbs said to do,
By'th counsel which he gave.

The Power of wise and Eloquent,
'Th'out opportunity,
Is nothing but our labour spent,
As charmes to Adders be.

*Upon the Rebell Moors in Africa, now Maho-
metans.*

How happy wert thou *Africa*,
By holy Saints inhabited,
When *Augustine* and *Monicha*,
Did teach to thee Christ Crucifide.
A Catalogue of Martyrs there,
Display'd the Banner of the Crois,
And ledd the way, that without fear,
Yee might by death sustain no loss.
One drop of blood, for Jesus spent,
Enricheth more your fertile soyl,
Then all those Rains, by Clouds are sent,
With all your labour and your toyl;
Yee blind, where such antiquitie
Are extant, spread all a're your Land.

Yet

Yet will not see your vanities,
 Nor truth from falsehood understand,
 Had you not seen and then believ'd
 Your crime now infidelity,
 Had been the less, but since receiv'd
 Dampnation for Apostacy.
 'Gainst God and King your lusts rebel,
 Repent, and turn unto the cross,
 That Paradise you seek is Hell,
 Which found too soon, too late your loss.

*A Description of the Ages of mans life, and their
 Inclinations and defects.*

INfants desiring hurtful things
 Have bodies innocent;
 But 'tis their minde from whence it springs,
 Makes ill their weak intent.

They should to virtue so be bred
 In their most tender age,
 They need not know if nature did,
 Or precepts them engage.

But let the rules of virtue be
 Insinuated so,
 Thout trouble or severity,
 To take delight to know;

What e're they follow, taught with fear;
 Their hate conceived then,
 Will after, in their age appear,
 And loath when they are men.

Allow them harmless wantonness,
 And Learning so infuse;
 Rather as change, then playing less
 Or burden'd by their Muse.

Fear doth consume that moisture quite
 Which nature does intend
 To spread their limbs, and grow upright;
 Which saying, hasts their end.

Some natures soft moulded for love
 And for humanity,
 First apprehension doth moove
 Of grief to make them cry.

Others though beaten, shed no tears;
 Of natures harsh, and fierce,
 Th'out true affection, or just fears,
 But stubborn and perverse.

Things of no judgment, little pain,
 They suddenly take in
 As language, easily they gain,
 Oft keeping what they win.

Rewards of virtue next propose,
 And praise of doing well,
 The shame and infamy of those,
 Where vice is known to dwell.

Not to fear virtue, as she were
 To harsh to be enjoy'd
 Who taste the sweetness shee doth bear,
 Can never be ore-cloy'd.

Thus whilst untroubld, or allur'd
 With vice of Flattery,
 And from ambition secur'd,
 To judge and know not why.

Still unexperienc'd by age,
 Incapable of pleasure,
 What friends do like, or do ingage,
 by them take up their measure.

Soon as their minds have sence of praise,
 then kindle their desire,
 To affect honourable wayes,
 By glory set on fire.

In exercise to labour more
 Their equals to excel,
 Then ever yet, they did before
 To please by doing well.

A hort young man, with soul as high,
 Youths freedom laid aside,
 May well rake up so moderately,
 To sit by wisdoms side.

He who in youth begins to show
 Mature and sober minde,
 Will languish with a dulness so,
 Not old, and yet declin'd.

But he, who 'mongst his great delights,
 Loves one with eagerness,
 And follows it with appetites,
 Which death can but depress,

Declares he's able to maintain
 Those studies he affects,
 With labour, industry and pain,
 And virtue he effects.

No disposition but this,
 Can truly finde the way
 To glory here, or future bliss,
 But he will go astray.

Now middle age, and distant so,
 From giddiness of youth,
 Not burthen of old age to know,
 Should tell us all the truth.

But they great seekers are of wealth
 And honour, cunning still
 Dissembling friendships, and by stealth
 Doe what they will not know

Their passions they govern so
 As if that they had none;
 Then valiant, if ever too
 And then most truly shewn,

That heat of courage moderate
 But not extinguished
 Which rashly carries youth to fate
 To number with the dead

Fear the Companion of age
 Disturbs the minds desires
 And want of heat, doth much afflige,
 What fortitude inspires

Though otherwise it is a fear,
 For wisdom to remain,
 But then the mind doth want that heat
 Which courage should sustain.

Through many dangers of their own
 And those of others seen,
 Ruin'd, which they escap'd alone
 They now would pass between.

'Tis mockery of all mankind
 That age, to avarice
 Should most of all be then inclin'd
 When death hath thrown the Dice.

And nature weak (to help herself)
 Least able, then to strive
 To hoord up treasures of pelf
 To keep the dead alive.

This counsel, age may better take
 That young men they excuse,
 For errors all of us do make
 But age the least should chuse.

Suffer their innocent delights
 Hear them with gentleness.
 And sometimes, though not in the right
 accept with pleasingness.

In thine old age, if thou expect
 Obsequiousness to thee,
 'T approve thy words without neglect
 Use this Equality.

And seeme at least, if not consent
 To please them when you may,
 In things which are indifferent
 Then speake and they'l obey.

And suffer thee to tell thy tale
 And storys of thy youth
 Uninterrupted, though thou say
 In telling of the truth.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, *Since Fortune thou art
 so kind.*

Since *Cupid* thou art grown so kind
 To give to me my choice of mind
 Of Beautys store,
 First I require, that she be
 Both proud and coy to all but me,
 I ask no more.

As wonton, jolly, blithe with me,
 As amorous wives new married be,
 And then a care,
 To look and kiss, with so much art
 As I may plainly taste her heart,
 And that's my fare.

Let other Lovers all be pyn'd
 First from her scorn, then their own mind.
 Oh then I'm seated
 In Lovers-heaven, where I am fixt
 In single glory that's unmixt
 When they'r defeated.

Where

Where beauty's able to give laws
 Thus to her self, thus to her cause;
 I must imploy,
 My self to obey her noble power
 Every minute, every hour,
 In this I joy.

But since thou art in fits of kindness,
 I prethe Child resign thy blindness,
 And then I'm sure
 Thou wilt not hit by chance but choice,
 For which thou hast each Lovers voice,
 And that's their cure.

But if thou wilt thy power imploy,
 Thy cruel art, hearts to destroy,
 For hearts are thine,
 If she refuse mine, lay't not by her,
 Sooner throw't into thy fire
 For to calcine,

The Phoenix from her cinders grows
 And true love from loves ashes flows,
 Oh how I burn;
 So the condition of my fate
 'Twixt life and death to circulate,
 In *Cupid's* Urne.

I'll have as many hearts for thee
 As in those ashes grains you'll see,
 And then I'm sure

The

Ile have one heart to sacrifice,
To every look of her fair eyes,
And that's my care.

These to my Mistress I present,
As this days tribute to her sent;

'Tis my desire:
To be her Martyr is my glory
And be written in loves story
Penn'd with fire.

*A jealous Lady reproaching her Ser-
vant that he courted new Faces, since*

*her own, not the best, yet she was well
proportion'd, thus answers.*

WHither Art or natures grace
Does adorn my mistress face,
Burns nor quenches my desire,
They are these parts obscur'd from sight;
Limbs proportion'd for delight;
Blows my warmth into a fire:
If a face could please alone
One pictur'd, or would cut in stone.

From

*From a Person in love with a young
Lady, who had married an old Man.*

BRUNO intreats *Albana* tell,
How *BRUNO* she inclines to love,
Whose heart is proof against a spell,
Yet from her circle cannot move.

'Tis not I find the power of arts,
Not any charm can conquer me;
It must be sympathy in hearts,
Or if not so, what can it be?

Discords in Musick we do find
Such harmony, and air doth bring
Such charming sweetness to the mind,
As if the close were all one string.

Th' emitted Atomes through our eyes
Secret intelligence conveys,
Into our hearts, which no disguise
Can hide from such elucient rays.

Love much abused, where interest
Usurpes that name and proper right,
That's only due to such a breast
Which loves the person at first sight.

And

And that magnetique sympathy
Which doth incline our eys to gaze,
Is the souls choice and amity,
Loves circulation in a maze.

If any other hidden cause
Or more elate, pray let me know;
For if you take a time to pause,
You'l but invent to hide it so.

Truly confesse and freely say,
It is the same what ere it be
Which makes you love and go that way,
You cannot choose but meet with me.

How well agreed, how understood
Our hearts to one another known,
The secret tye is in our blood,
The Seed is in our natures sown.

The works of nature hidden are,
Which by effects we only know,
Then against nature we make warre
When we not imitate her so.

Let no delusive Fantosme then
Misleade us with fantastique fire,
Women were only made for men,
VWhich nature prompts us to desire.

Old Age's a moving monument,
 Their marbles sweat but cold as Ice,
 But quickning nature's first intent
 Gets monuments of greater price.

Nature with reason doth agree,
 No incoherence can we find,
 But that impell'd by sympathy,
 By nature marryed, must be kind.

Hath nature yet by any law
 Or rule, confin'd one creature yet,
 Then surely nature to obey
 Is only rational and fir.

Rebels to nature may create
 New forms of government I know,
 And turn a Kingdom to a state,
 But my *Albana* does not so.

For she loves Monarchy as I,
 And I love her, because she loves
 Shee cannot live and bid me dye,
 For doing what her self approves.

*A Catch made before the KINGS
coming to Worcester with the
Scottish Army.*

THE Round-heads drink a health
To their new Common-wealth;
And swear the Kings must be forgot;
But the pot shall be bang'd
When the Rogues are all bang'd
Here's a Health to the King and the Scot.

Come Skinker be nimble,
This quart's but a thimble,
Away with't, swell this of a gallon;
To our Masters brave Son
Who will fire the first gun
And boldly command us, fall on.

Each man upon his back,
Shall swallow his Sack,
This health will induce no shrinkings
The rest shall dance round
Him that lyes on the ground
'Fore me, this is excellent drinking.

Faith Ladds let's uncase us,
Our raggs but disgrace us,

Some

Some faggots, more, wine and a health
 To him and all those
 Who will fire their cloaths,
 As I would this new Common-wealth.

A SONG.

To the Tune of *My Dear and only Love*
sake heed.

Teach me *Bellisa* what to doe
 I am Inviron'd round,
 Grief bringing thoughts, oppress me, so
 They bend me to the ground;
 Alas, thy *Strephon* doth implore
 Thy help in time of need,
 He begs who never begg'd before,
 Come save my life wth speed.

Could I but hear thy sweetest voice,
 Or bless mine eyes with thine,
 My panting heart would so rejoyce
 Souls so with bodies joyn
 As frosts before the sun doth melt,
 And rivers glide away
 My griefs would pass by me unfelt
 With thee if I might stay.

And I more faithful than the rest
 Who for thy favour sue,
 Should be imbosom'd in thy breast
 The place to my love due;
 Then happy *Stephen* joyful sing,
 Hast hence away my sorrow;
 I'd not change states with any King,
 To be a King to morrow.

A Shepherd true, a faithful friend,
 I'll ever prove to thee;
 The skies to earth, shall first descend,
 E're thou complain of me:
 Then lay aside thy withered fear,
 And feed on hopes a while;
 Fair weather after storms appear,
 Love shall the time beguile.

SONG.

Cupid is an idle toy,
 Never was there such a boy;
 If there were, let any show,
 Or his quiver, or his bow,
 Or the wound by him he got
 By a broken arrow shot.
 Money, Money, Money makes men bow;
 That's the only *Cupid* now.

While

Whilst the world continu'd good,
 And men lov'd for flesh and blood;
 Men about them wore a dart
 Which did win a womans heart;
 And the women great and small,
 With a certain thing they call
 Kisse me, Kisse me, Kisse me, caught the men,
 That was the only *Cupid* then.

A Song on a Scornful Mistress.

DRowse Lover, rowse thy soul,
 Quaffe Canary, and thou'lt find
 Spirits floating in the bowl,
 Cures distempers of the mind:
 Drinking makes thee sleep secure,
 That alone is half a cure.

If *Bellara* be too cold,
 And have chill'd thy loves desire,
 Drink, 'tis warming, and be bold,
 She hath no such active fire:
 Each glass a fresh Mistress brings
 Our Seraglio's great as Kings.

When thou art thus careless grown,
 And thy ague fit remov'd,
 Women will not loose their own;
 Where they ever were belov'd.

Then if thee'l return to thee,
Nothing cures so well as she.

AN EPIGRAM

On two at Enmity with one another.

Diego is speechless, cannot live,
How poor *Reymund* then will grieve;
But how if *Diego* should recover,
Poor *Reymund* then will n'ere give over,
Neither without, nor with at ease
The Devill take him if he please.

To the same accusing him for Flattery.

How happy is that Government
Where Flattery meets punishment,
How fatal where it finds reward,
And treason to have Honours guard,
Leave off yee Flatterers for shame,
For honest duty fears no blame.

A CATCH,

To the Tune of, *Old Poets Hypocrene Admire!*

Come *Tom* let's drink a rowling glass,
 Uld's niggs ne're stirre, is but an Ass,
 Good drinking brings all things to pass:
 Come *Harry, George*, and *Jack* take part,
 And much good doe it each man's heart,
 Who will not drink's not worth a fart.

Each man his glass and bottle by,
 Tobacco, Pipe, Artillery,
 A frolick, catch, and Drollery;
 Wee'l have no tell-tale boyes to fill,
 Under the Rose no man speaks ill,
 But's safe as Thief is in a Mill.

I love the King and Royal blood,
 Will fight their cause not understood,
 And for their sakes would drink a flood;
 Yet to their health's I not incline,
 But here's to those who will drink wine,
 Sack and a friend are both divine.

Faith one glass more, and then let's goe,
 Health to the lass, who ne're said no,
 Or if she did, would take it too;

Since

Since only they do make us sport
In City, Country, Camp, and Court,
Let him be hang'd, who cares not for't.

Another to the same Tune.

Tis much
The Dutch
Dares drink or fight
Since they
Must say

To do us right

The *Engliss* Drunkards have more might,
For when we fight or drink their Mumm,
So soundly we their jacked humm
You cannot wake them with a drum.

We still

Cry fill

More Wine advance

Such men

Agon

Will conquer *France*

And *Tsch dem de* fin-running dance,
Leaving their grapes for us to squeeze,
Till they submit with *Ju-vau-pris's*,
But let the Dogs take smooch and sneeze.

'Tis late oh ye say no more

We prate in City, County,

And loose much time,

The Sun

is run

Unto a Clime

Which dully drips without a Rhyme;
Then foot to foot, let's drink at those
And Dutch-like drown those Anti-toes,
Then call the Sunne to drink his dose.

Another to the same Tune.

The Bagge of Drunk is more might

For when we have our Mummie

around we have our Mummie

You cannot woe, woe cannot woe

Draw near

No cheer

Nor poison'd stumme,

But Sack that speaks; when we are dumb;

No other noyse doe we desire,

But boy draw wine and make a fire,

A Carth is then, your only Quire.

And Tack doth shew doth

showing their right

Their right hand

for the De

'Tis sack

We lack

Our wits to cheere;

'Twill

Twill make us equal, with a Peer:
'Tis musick when the boy cries score,
And chinks the pots, when we call more,
As drunken *Greeks* did heretofore.

Come *George*

My gorge

Begins to warme,

Repeat

This heere

'Twill do no harm;

Your Treason-Brewers, drink in harme,

Begin a health to our dear Miss,

And unto him, who she dares kiss,

For all the rest we care not this.

Now *Tom*

Is come

And he shall pledge,

This glasse

Shall passe,

Now we are sledge,

Though drunk as beggars under hedges

And he who will not sing, and chat,

Cry tope, and throw aside his hat,

Not company is for a Cat.

E

TO

They

*To a fair great-bellied Lady come to live in
in London.*

SHe comes like full-ear'd harvest now,
Or fruit that loads the yielding bow,
Which the glad Husbandman invites
To taste, and labour new delights;
Just so (a ship with some rich trade)
Having a happy voyage made,
In some safe harbor she unloads,
Her owners treasure, and her goods;
His friends rejoyce, he freed from fear,
Puts forth again another year,
Now welcome Miss, you are imbar'd,
And must your Treasure here unlade;
A ship well fraught, a ground well sown,
No doubt will yield us still our own,
You shall be mann'd and victual'd too,
For a deal more y'have yet to do;
But when you have increas'd our store,
To travaill then you shall no more,
But safely sit and see your wealth,
Though honest got, yet got by stealth.

To an absent Friend.

AS streams do circulating creep,
Through empty veins of th' immov'd earth,
Till to their Mother in the deep;

They

They pay the tribute of their birth :
 So circularly we do move,
 Impell'd by sympathy to meet,
 Our hearts are centrical in Love,
 At distance we incline and greet.
 A Tyrant shackles may put on,
 But cannot blind our inward light,
 No Cave so much obscur'd from sun,
 That on our souls can force a night.
 Love is our light, give me a friend
 Whose breast transparent is to me;
 Eternal beings have no end,
 My friendship would be that to thee.
 What fortune 'tis keeps us asunder,
 Is both my trouble and my wonder.

*To friends in the Country, who keep Lent, dwell-
 ling near a Forrest of the Kings.*

To the Tune of, *Chevy Chase.*

YEc wights which on the Forrest fringe,
 The Kings dear Deere disturb,
 Find out a tree, I'll find you sprindge,
 Which can wild horses curb:
 Say farewell Oysters, and old Ling,
 Pease-pottage, eke and grael,
 My self your Epitaphs will sing,
 That trees should bear such fuel.

THe poor abused Bagg-piper,
 Came home some two days after,
 With a full intent, for to beget
 On his Wife, a Son or a Daughter;
 But the being acquainted before
 With Soldiers and other Captains,
 Got the running of the reins,
 So he was well pay'd for his pains.

Pastoral Song complaining of falsehood.

DAwne the Shepherd with the flock,
 Of warren Kids safely browsing
 Under the shelter of a Rock,
 Where wont the herd to come A-browsing
 Unto a babbling stream that ran,
 There Damsel sat, and thus began,
 Cruel, Cruel, inconstant woman,
 False unto me, and true to no man.

When as another Swain you saw,
 You liking lov'd, or loving fain'd;
 Then gan from me your love withdraw,
 Too soon alas he had obtained:
 Then came a third your love to win,
 And we were out and he was in.

Farewel, Farewel, Inconstant woman,
False unto me, and true to no man.

To the Tune of *A South-Down*

Farewel false fair one,
I can no more abide,
To live and love alone,

And still to be deny'd
Since I now have found thy changing,
That thou lov'st to be belov'd,
Goe hence alone 'a raving,
From me that am immov'd.

Catchy, To the Tune of *George, George*

A Bear, A Bear, Haste to the Fair

What *Will*, why *Was*, come *Tom*, leave
Our Turn-stile-ale break no *delaying*,
For *James* and *Ben* with *Adam* are *staying*.

Answer

A pox upon all dice and *carding*,
They will not leave a *man* *drinking*,
Drinking is better much and *feeding*.

Answer

A health, a health, to our bright Dutchess,
 I would I had her in my clutches,
 A pox take him my fortune grutches.

Another.

More wine, more wine, come drawes fill,
 Jack drink to me, and I to Will, you
 Drink fair, take care, you do not spill.

Another.

George, here's to Miss, with Hans in-kelder,
 And unto Tom who hath be-swell'd her,
 Hans shall pledge too, when he grows elder.

A Song in Dialogue.

Stephen. Dear I must doe.

Phillie. Oh I dare not.

Str. 'Twill not hurt you.

Ph. (No) I care not.

Str. Then I preethee sweet tell me the reason.

Ph. Will you marry?

Str. Yes, to morrow.

Ph. Till then tarry.

Str. I would borrow.

Ph. Fruit is best, when 'tis gather'd in season.

*On a Lady standing on a River-bank, seeing her
Shadow in the water.*

SAY fairest Nymph, what wouldst thou see,
Another world enrich'd by thee,
Is't not enough, the Gods have giv'n thee more
Of awful beauty, and of charming grace,
Then ere was yet in any Face;
But thou wilt see those Elements at odds,
First reconciled by the Gods.

The liquid Nymphs came gliding by
To wonder, and to desire,
Raising their seidgy heads to gaze, did bow,
Since they had never seen amongst the train
Of Huntresses, the like again,
Then diving to their watry Caves below,
Ask'd of their gods, what they did know.

The angry Queen of love did weep,
To see her Coppy in the deep,
Mounting her Dove-drawn-chariot, hasts on high,
What Mortal, saith she, Father, hast thou made?
That Heaven and Earth doth thus invade.
Since all mankind about, where she doth dwell,
Adores not us, but her poor Cell.

Then

Then mildly *Joan*, do not despise
 The likeness of thine own bright eyes,
 Shee worships us and is thy subject sworn,
 For though thy Son could never find a dart,
 To wound her, 'tis a yielded heart;
 And on that bank, she came to shed some tears
 Of Love and kindness mixt with fears.

Subscription to a Letter in verse.

EVil to the Evil thinker,
 And good wine to the fair drinker,
 The merry witty, full of glee,
 Are only company for me:
 Where ere I find a narrow friend,
 I leave him to his foolish end.

On a Scornful and Censorious Lady.

Flattering beauties, who presume,
 Mens words, which vented are as Rheume,
 Are fires, and for your sakes consume,
 Know 'tis self-love, which you deceives,
 And the false Opticks true believes
 Like Hocus-cheats, in their own sleeves.

When your mock-Majesties, we court,
 As boys a flaunt a paper fort,

'Tis

'Tis not for glory, but for sport,
 So when we praise a colour'd face,
 Such an uncomely-comely-grace,
 'Tis not for quarry but for chace.

D'ye think that man, created Master,
 Ought not to be his own Taster,
 And call yee-comming, to come faster;
 If Sovereign man his vassall pledge,
 Commands to bed, to barn, or hedge,
 Ye are the blocks, but he the wedge.

Then wretched women know your scorn
 Is treason 'gainst your Lord first born,
 Ye are but weeds that grow i th corn;
 And when together ye are bound,
 No other seed from you is found,
 But what we bring to our own ground.

The Papist cannot take one oath,
 The Puritan will swallow both,
 'Tis drawing of a hollow rooth:
 Which no body can deny.

The Papists swears he serv'd the King,
 The Puritan sayes the same thing,
 Swears Capons better much then Ling:
 Which no body can deny.

Some say the Papist had a Plot,
To burn the Thames; Why was it not?
It was discovered by a Scot:
Which no body can deny.

A Song set by Mr. Hill.

I Am no subject unto Fate,
That power assum'd I give to you,
Whither returning love or hate
Which falls in storms or gentle dew.

It is my will which chooseth you,
Though Tyrant, yet if ile obey,
Obedience is truly due,
To whom I give my self away.

I may be born under a throne
(A slave or Free) without my voice,
But loving as Religion,
Solely depends on my own choice:

The worlds dimensions are wide,
My mind nor Heaven can confine,
That outside worship is bely'd
Which inward bowes to other shrine.

Force may be called victory,
Yet only those are overcome,
Who yield unto an enemy
That is their certain fate and doom.

Thus fetter'd, I freely love,
My choice doth make the conquest thine;
And will thy power best improve
That to thy subject thou incline.

Who wisely rules, deserves command,
Keep then the loyal next thy heart;
Elective Monarchs cannot stand,
Nor love without an equal date.

A C T I V

To the Tune of, *New Oyster*.

New Hangmen, new Hangmen, new
Thrice : what Puritans come ashore,
Have you any Hemp at Court.

Upon Prince Rupert his intended voyage to
Guiny.

Gods Sacrament he comes, no near
Might Devil hawl this Cavalier,

Giv't here some Brandy-wine, make haste,
 Let's skinke apace, 'twill be our last,
 These sober *English* shalums fight,
 'Tis sport to them they take delight
 To see a head shot off and rowl,
 Just as it were to throw a bowl,
 And when the Scoppers run with blood,
 They cry good cheer, for fish i'th flood.
 Hark how the hound-foots shout and cry,
 See their Red crosses topmast high;
 And where that Devil *Rupert* stands,
 Who those fierce *English* doggs commands:
 See mine Heers, *Howard*, *Stant*, *Jarmin*,
 All to-mall about him swarming.
 Saint *George* for *England*, now they call,
 H'as kill'd of us the Devil and all.
 Now they steer close and show a side,
 The gates of Hell are not so wide,
 Then lustick mates, another dram,
 And let the Devil fire his Damme:
 Our bellys full, although we sink,
 We shall the leasest water drink:
 Now they spit fire at th' Admiral,
 They board and *Ruyter* he doth fall;
 And *Rupert* back to back makes wins,
 Ten thousand Devil, break his shins.
 Though *Monck* did thump us to our shoars,
 He sinks us all like Soons of Whores:
 These *English* Cards will sink our state,
 To offer monys now too late,

Wee'l

Wee'l make the Prince *Van Orange* King,
 Coning *Van France* will no such thing
 Submit, unto our Coning *Spain*,
 Coning *Van England* rules the main.
 Then cut our banks and drown our land,
 Such foes, such Fates, who can withstand?
 For if great *Tork* comes out to sea,
 Our skins and countrey he will flea.

To my Lord Bellasylfe then in Tangier.

I Am not poor, though wanting still,
 Our poverty is in our will:
 The earth; which of it self brings forth
 Is grateful though of little worth;
 Nature in me declineth Art,
 Shew me the means, Ile show my heart.

John Bellasylfe Anagram.

I Bless an Holy.

I Bless an Holy, ever bless
 The Holy sheapherd we confess,
 The trine of God in Unity
 One only Holy Deity,

The Lord my Lord who rais'd your Fame,
 Conserves his worship in your name,

To whom so much already's given,
The next reserve, I hope is Heaven.

The cross-way is the neereſt hence,
To your Eternal Residence.

John Bellafyſe *Anagram.*

His Noble Sayle.

TRue Anagram, His Noble Sayle
Fill'd with the blaſts of worthy Fame,
Ore Fortunes worſt doth now prevail,
And ſwells it to a noble name.

Through ſeas of bloud, in civill wars
When the ſhip-Sovereign was loſt,
This noble Sayle with honour'd ſcarrs,
Bore up through all, though ſoundly roſt.

In all the ſtorm, and darkeſt night
Which ſew our-liv'd, who did not yield,
This noble ſail ſpeak'd in fight,
As if it ſelf would keep the field.

Till the young Admiral was found,
With whom the noble ſayl did cloſe
To repoſſeſs, and keep that ground,
Which the Ship-Sovereign did looſe.

Now

Now *Europe* cannot fill this sayle,
 Those Rebel-winds are weaker-growth;
 In *Africa* it finds a gale.
 To move against Rebellion.

This noble sayl, let honour steere
 Till crown'd with victories,
 From hence translated to a sphere
 Where Honour and reward ne're dies.

John Bellasyle Anagram.

Bees is all Hony.

BEES is all honey; Anagram
 Affirms it is your Lordships names;
 And I beleiv'r, for *Bellasyle*
 By it, is only named twice;
 Rather explain'd, like mysteries,
 Where such signification lyes:
 Such sweetness in the name and sense,
 That speaking it is eloquence,
 Bees (as your Lordship) have a King
 And each (in their defence) a sting,
 Industrious both, hating the Drone
 Helpful to all, unhurt, hurts none,
 The private and the common good
 Is both your own and others food.
 Alike it is to gather money,
 For you my Lord, as Bees do hony.

On Sir Henry Bellafyse Sonne to my Lord John
Bellafyse

By her Seen Sally.

TO Sally is a Souldiers act,
To Conquer is to crown the fact;
And by a Mistris to be seen,
Might make a conquest on a Queen:
Who loves sure would be lov'd agen,
He never fails who conquers men.
Great *Alexander* might at home
(Perhaps) some filly mayd o'recome,
But when he sally'd forth in arms,
The world was raken by those Charms;
Riches and Honour, beauty, fame,
Are Captives to an honour'd name.
Let *Henry Sally* after *John*,
Then like the Father conquer Son.

To the Tune of

Phillis thongh thy powerful Charms.

THy walls, O *Tangier*, foot and horse,
Thy forts and line have little force,
'Tis *Bellafyse* who thee defends,
Commuting all thy foes to friends,

His

His easie rule, and prudent care;
Shows peace much greater than the warr,
Yet when he leads his men to fight,
His conduct's safe, as Eagles flight.

No more Alarums murmur now,
No man who weares a furrow'd brow,
Were it not order for to keep,
Wee'd ope the gates and fall to sleep;
For *Gayland* knows his watch and word,
Secures th's place more than the Sword;
And now with's Army does intend,
To show's he is a powerful friend.

Now happy *Tangier* is thy Fate
That *Bellafse* is come, though late,
Thy worthies now in honours bed,
Had not been numbred with the dead;
But 'twas not fit so great a prize
Tangier injoy'd and no man dyes:
Some *Roman* Souls had here their grave,
Then why should we less honour have.

But now the Lawrel crowns his head,
Who solemnizes the brave dead,
And those remaining worthy men
Are subjects of his tongue and pen;
That our great *Charls* may know their worth,
And offer them he would set forth,

He certain is of a fair Fame,
Whom *Bellafys* but once doth name.

To the Tune of *Bellafys*

How happy and free is the Plunder.

Yee happy and free men of *Tangier*,
Who fear neither *Moore*, *Dutch*, nor danger,
Now our General's come,
Whose Trumpet and Drum
Makes Gayland appear like a stranger,

(wine,
Then plow, sow and reap, make hay and drink
The curtains are drawn, goe to sleep in your line.

One Sentinel *Africa* faces,
Our flocks, and our herds abroad grazes,
The Dons bring us Sallads
To relish our pallats,
Which all but the fool much amaze.
Then plow—

New works, and old walls are new mended,
The Souldier and sick are befriended,
The golden-age is
Not insard by a clausse,
With justice and honour defended,
Then plow

Who doth not confess, we inherit
 More then this from our Generals merit,
 VVill never be at ease,
 Nor an Angel can please,
 Let him hang with his own private spirit.
 (wine;
 Then plow, sow and reap, make hay and drink
 The curtains are drawn, goe to sleep in your line.

On two jealous Lovers.

STand, who comes there, 'tis I she said,
 Of no man yet was e're afraid,
 Then call your Corporal to me,
 I have no more to speak to thee;
 Corporal bring me to the place,
 VVhere I your Collonel may face,
 I have affairs of much import,
 To none but him I will report.
 Sir there's a woman waits at door,
 Earnest to speak with you; No more,
 Let her come in; your Servant Sir,
 Madam what business makes you stir
 So late abroad; The love of you
 Since I have heard you are not true;
 And my passion brings me here
 That you my doubts and fears may cleere.
 I know not Madam what to say,
 Nor who it is doth me betray.

I wear your favours next my heart,
 Nothing but death can make them part;
 Then pray resolve me quickly, who
 Hath made this breach betwixt us too;
 VVere I as easie to believe,
 I should have greatest cause to grieve:
 You have of late declar'd I know,
 In favour of a Rival foe;
 Then I affirm'd under my hand,
 O're me you never should command;
 And yet I thought it was a blind,
 And still to me were trily kind.
 'Tis true I am; yet have been told
 You boast my favours and grow cold,
 And other beautys aid implore,
 Forsaking mine to whom you swore.
 If this be true, you cannot blame
 Though I appear'd to do the same;
 But if that you put on this mask
 To blind the world, I pardon ask,
 I have done so, and would do still,
 But cannot do't, without your will:
 How quickly then are we agreed,
 The wounds are heal'd but now did bleed:
 No more false worships shall deceive
 But one another wee'll believe.

On a censorious barren Lady to a Friend.

Some there are *George*, who chuck and sit,
 Not on their own, but others wit;
 They spoyle the good, the bad make worse;
 And kill the child which they should nurse:
 A windy egge, or one that's addle
 Is good enough for fiddle faddle,
 They may sit on, and keep a pother,
 But never hatch to be a Mother.

On Mother Cony the Bawd.

When *Mawd* the Empress traivail'd *France*,
 This Mother *Cony* learnt to dance,
 She footed it so finely then,
 So loving was, so lov'd by men,
 That falling backward by mishap,
 A spruce young man fell in her lap;
 So pleasing to her was this fall,
 That dance she called *Up-tails all*;
 And did this Jigg so oft repeat,
 It brought her to a mighty heat;
 She was with sweats so gently cur'd,
 That oft the same she hath indur'd;
 With ease and oysters, now is grown,
 Harder to be, then not be known;
 A full days journey now about
 Let him go see who makes the doubt.

To a Friend upon some Ladies who were curious to
see the Authors Letters into the Country, to con-
demn them.

I Am not sick, and yet take physick
Yet have no clappe, a cold, or pryck,
That little which I have to spend's
For meat at home, as for the friends;
I have in town they are so few,
I stay at home to write to you,
And something more, though lesser reason
I balladize 'gainst womens treason;
For if I suffer undermining,
The Counter is defence, and lining,
They shall not come with their approaches,
And make a breach, to let in Coaches,
I'll sally forth and fire their trenches,
And drive them under Cabbin benches,
Till they have left their siege and quarrels
I'll make them creep into old barrels;
And then so roughly I will rowl them,
Till they cry quarter and befowl them;
A Tyrant I, when once provok'd,
Finding Devils Angel-closk'd;
Amongst those black-birds now I leave them,
They deceive fools, feinds deceive them;
A friend, good wine, a little spending,
A pretty wench who needs no tending.

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would have those who e're looks further,
 On his own pleasures commits murder,
 And for one face, that's patcht and painted
 Thousands are damn'd, for one that's sainted.

If Ale such Poetry affords,
 What shall we do when drunk like Lords.

To a Spanish Lady in S. Lugar.

R *Eymund* thou hast surviv'd a warre
 Where thousands perish'd in thy fight,
 And thou hast travail'd now so farre
 To yield thy self without a fight.
 No more thy warfare ever boast,
 Nor name thy self a Souldier now,
 Since in that very port th' art lost.
 Where thou thy courage shouldst avow;
 Thou knowst how ambushes are laid
 How to avoid an Enemy,
 The Ambush of a *Spanish* maid,
 Hath forc'd from thee thy liberty.
 But *Reymund* with safe conduct came
 And cannot be a prisoner.
 'Tis great Injustice, as great blame,
 To circumvent a Traveller.
 And yet alas I must confess
 That I have broke your Countrys law,
 And by a Clandestine address,
 Would carry hence that mayd away.

My

My dear *Lusya*, 'tis a truth
 Your Country hath of Saints such store;
 That I would glory in thy youth,
 And in my Country thee adore;
 But if Saint *Lugar* be the shrine
 Where my devotion I must pay,
 But promise me you will be mine
 I'll make another Holy-day.

Upon the King and our Naval Enemies.

(cond

A Rithmetick misplac'd since *Charls* the se-
 reckon'd:
 In place before the fifth, should first be
 Old dotard time, and giddier-headed fame
 Forgot the figure, yet memoriz'd the name,
 What if the *Danish*, *Swedish*, *Belgick* coasters,
German, *French*, *Spanish* ate pretending boasters,
 Down with your top-sails, *Charls* his sovereignty
 Commands where *Neptune* hath his Vice-gerency
 Gyant-like *Dutch*, of a rebellious stock,
 Forsaking your Protector split on a Rock:
 Leave of ye daring *Hogons*, your pretending
 (mending.

Ye cannot fight; your boats and nets want

T^y your

T' your fishing trade agen, and we your masters,
 Will feed ye well, but still we must be casters,
 In this obedience to our Monarchy;
 Eat Herring, swallow your biter quietly;
 Ten hundred thousand Sacraments can't save ye;
 Nor all those Tuns of Devils, ye would have ye;
 The crozier'd bloody flagge when we advance,
 To them, and all the world, we give defiance:
 For all who think by war our peace to trouble,
 Shall find by warrs abroad our peace redouble.

*A Rhetorical speech of one Jobber an Attorneys
 Clerk of Davids-Inn, to his Brother Squibbe
 fellow Clerk*

B Rother Squibbe, be it known to all men by
 these presents, that I doe utterly quit
 claim and demand, yielding and paying unto me
 the summe of nine pence half-penny, of lawfol
 money of *England*, which I disbursed at sundry
 times upon the purchase of several Mannours of
 Ginger-bread, what ever parcel or parcels, I did
 occupy and enjoy, I take as quit Rents due up-
 on the loan of my Mony: These are therefore
 to certifie all whom it may concern, that I do
 lawfully demand my principal debt, for if I
 should run you through, and you should dye wil-
 fully in your own defence, it is but *se defendi* by
 the Law, for my mony's as due to me, as your
 life

life is to you, besides you; ought not by the law
to provoke a man to his own destruction; yet
out of my obligations to Law, in respect of my
present occasions, if you can procure me the just
summe of three pence half-penny, and give me
Bond for the rest, or procure *Joan* our kind Laun-
dress to pass her word, out of the singular good
will and affection I have thereunto, I will ac-
quiesce untill the Terme of *Hillary*.

*Upon the Dutch Mutton-Mongers on the Coast of
Suffolk, and other parts pilfering of Turnips.*

IS Meat so scarce amongst the Boors,
They set our fleets, and boats with oars,
To pilfer Mutton from our Coast,
And that the Victory they boast,
But sore they stayed too long to drink,
Which made so many of them sink,
We sent them Cooks to roast their meat,
And fying too, fall to and eat,
We entertain such strangers so
Knowing how farr they had to goe,
And having had so warme a meal
They had no stomach, (more) to steal,
Unless to bed with all sayls made,
Whom we so civilly conveigh'd,
And yet they are not well content
But say 'twas too much complement,

still

Had

Had *Beaufort* had but such a treat
He would have danc'd into a sweat,
And swore that *English* are the best
At entertaining foreign guest.
Dull *Dutch* for shame, no more complain
For they will laugh at you in *Spain*,
Since here such welcome they have had
That still they think the *English* madd,
Would ye have yet a second course,
In troth I fear you'll like it worse,
Unless our powder'd dumplings please,
They'll fill your stomachs and give ease:
I know your drink is *Brande-wine*
But yee have worms and must drink brine,
Most of your stomachs are grown sick
And powder'd meats are gross and thick,
Wee'l waite you back to *English* ground
And make your fulsome bodies sound,
For ye can never be at ease
Untill ye quite forsake the seas,
Pure air, spring-water and brown-bread
Cures the distempers of your head;
At *Chelsey* Colledge ye shall find
Phyick as well to cure your mind,
State-surfers now are grown so strong
Ye must let bloud under the Tongue;
Ye talk too much, and in those fits
Discover plots of your *De-wits*,

But when ye are in perfect health,
 Wee'l have a care too of your wealth;
 Then back agen, and tell your Mates:
 What we have done to mend your states:
 The Sea-toyl'd trade, and worlds affairs,
 Leave it to us your lawful Heirs,
 Then you good Fisher-men may prove
 In much obedience and love:
 But if ye should relapse agen
 Ye cannot scape 'bove one in ten,
 And the Grand Signior of *France*
 About your Calenture will dance,
 And in the height of your disease
 Protect your Land, as we your Seas.

To Lottery of Love; To an old devout Tune.

WHo draws most blanks the most gets in,
 Who ever looseth most doth win,
 Who gets the most the most doth loose,
 Who least away a savor goes.
 O love whose twisted Rope
 No man could eie untie,
 It makes us all to groape
 Till we with groaping dye.

O love which makes a beast
 Of Man that's highly born,

And

And then giv'st him a Crest
Much like a Bakers horn,

O Love whose Monkie-sport
Makes tumblers of us all,
Then giv'st us a Report
For chief of Fumblers-Hall.

At first we ride so fast,
VVe straight fall to a Trot,
Our bones so soar at last,
Can never be forgot.

O love whose mighty force
All creatures doth command,
For neither man nor horse
Could ever it with-stand.

It makes the Courtier frisks
To powder, cringe, and bow,
VVith *Oleas* and bisk.
He treats the Lord knows how.

Although his body's weak
The power of love makes strong,
And when that he doth speak
Eringo's on his Tongue.

The waiting-maid he courts
And into her doth crawl,

That by those kind resorts,
He may her Lady mawl.

But Marchpane will not last
It melts so soon away,
And they behind are cast,
Like cheese-eurds from the whay.

The Souldier in the field,
Who doth the longest stand,
This love doth make him yield,
His Pike falls out of's hand.

Yet when white Colours flie,
He doth agen advance,
And makes his foes to lie,
As they were in a trance.

Yet he is beaten so
He cannot keep his ground,
But sneakingly doth goe
To cure a pocky wound.

The Scholler doth indite
Strong lines in verse or prose,
Till he doth under-write
The Poet wants a Noie.

At first he flies so high,
At last doth fall so low,

Such

Such weakness from the thigh
Can neither stand nor goe;

The merchant and the clown
Have all no better luck,
For they are up and down,
As *Drakes* are with a *Dack*.

With trading they doe break,
With labour weakned, old,
Their ships doe spring a leak
And then their tails are cold.

Fanatique Loves desire
That burns with sister zeal,
First *London* set on fire,
To make a Common-weal.

A pex on *Venus* whore,
And *Cupid* too, her sonne;
With all her daughters more
And so my Song is done.

Englands rejoycing for Londons Re-building.

To the Tune of

*Faire fall the Muses who in well tun'd verse, or
a joyful sight to see.*

L Et none pass by, who come this way,
Till they have heard me sing and say,
Who loves the King and Common good
Here's cheerful news to warm his blood:
When *London* is re-built agen,
Then welcome all, both maids and men.

Come all good Citizens, rejoyce with me,
For care recalls no things are past,
A Phoenix from her ashes you shall see,
Of greater splendour, then the last.

Both rich and poor,
Will prosper more,
In one year than they did in three,
And all your trade,
So much decay'd,
Shall flourish in a happy peace,
When all your jealousies shall cease,
A joyful sight to see.

Our Ancestors nere thought of such a Town
That all the world should it admire,

But low-built on the river-bank sat down,
In Hovels fit for nought but fire:

But our new *Troy*,
With fires of joy,
The fairest of the world shall be,
And all mankind,
Who are not blind,
Shall say that *London* is the Town
Of all the world, should wear the Crown,
A joyful sight to see.

No more by ally-smels, like midnight carts,
No holes where day-light ne'r appears,
But order'd all in well proportion'd parts,
No place for jealousies and fears,

Nor forreign Clown,
Who comes to town,
Shall swear by all his ancestry,
That all that day,
He lost his way,

And yet *Pauls*-steeple could not find,
Mislead by turnings, like the blind;
A Joyful sight to see.

No more shop-lights built for necessity
Shall cause the Buyer to suspect,
Good-fellows late may reel home quietly,
Without a trap-door to detest,
And not a bench,
For any wench,

To

To lay a child or gett a Fee,
 Nor Maids above,
 With prentice love,
 Ore tops of houses meet and kifs,
 And spend the cash you doe not miss,
 A joyful sight to see.

Those Padders whom that City forrest hid
 And Plotters there their shelter found,
 Your wise designed building does forbid,
 No back-streets nor ways under ground,
 But like good men
 With heart and pen,
 To publick interest agree;
 with arts and trade,
 Ye all are made,
 Then cheerfully to work amain,
 'Tis *Englands* joy and all your gains,
 A joyful sight to see.

New Churches with new bells, new tunes shall ring
 The old are out of fashion now,
 The Corporations in procession sing
 Fanatiques too, the Lord knows how,
 But one and all
 Both great and small,
 Come heartily and sing with me,
 The King God bless,
 The Queen no less,
 Send them an Heir and happy Raige,

Our

Our trade and liberties to maintain,
A joyful fight to see.

The Forrest Lovers.

FAir maids who are so coy
In these Examples find,
All creatures will injoy,
To one another kind.
Turn to your Lovers time will flye,
None love the old untill they die.

Surely the Gods did preordaine
That we should meet this instant,
Heres none but thou and I alone
VVithin this grove so pleasant;
Then sit thee down upon the grasse
And Ile sit me down by thee,
There's nothing here
Thou needst to fear,
Dearest doe not deny me.

See how the strong and warlike Horse
The ground doth beat so proudly,
And neighing to his Female love
The woods resounding loudly:
See how the wanton Kid doth frisk
Before her bearded Lover,

As she would say,
This time of day,
Invites to come and cover.

The lowing Kine, the lusty Bull
Calls over hedge and ditches,
Nature and reason doth incline
Till age that doth betwitch us:
A pair of years in love with thee,
All other loves refusing;
Then doe not cry,
Nay pish may fie,
For Love deferr'ds abusing.

The Turtle-Doves who are so chaste
See how they sit a billing,
See how the Ewe turns to the Ramm
VWhich shows all flesh is willing:
See how the Ivy clips the Elme,
And doth with floath upbraid us;
Then let us kiss,
'Tis not amiss,
The trees on purpose shade us.

See how the pleasant Spring invites
Us to imbrace each other,
See how the pretty birds delights
To chirpe at one another:
Then be not coy let's get a boy
And dearest defer't no longer,

And

And strive not now,
 Unless that thou,
 Dost think to prove the stronger.

Who loves will not by force constrain
 But gently winne my favour,
 So Sarys doe their lusts obtain
 And care not then who have her,
 But if I give my self to thee
 And thou change for another;
 Then not a Maid
 I am afraid,
 That I may prove a Mother.

Fear not thou dearest of my life,
 My heart is thine for ever,
 Before the Gods thou art my Wife
 Now show thy love or never;
 Delaies are dangerous to love,
 And age will quickly seize us,
 Lets now imbrace
 In this sweet place,
 The birds will sing to please us.

I love too much she said, yet fear
 But love is so much stronger,
 Thou maist do what thou wilt my Dear
 I can hold out no longer;
 But when thou hast overcome my heart,
 Dear leave me not to sorrow,

But

But tell me where
And truly swear,
To meet agen to morrow.

The description of a rare beauty of a Lovers Fancy

To an old Tune.

*If any man doe want a Wife,
And would secure her Honesty,
Take this, and then i'le pawn my life
He shall be free from jealousie.*

2 **C**ome neer my lusty Lovers,
Give ear unto my ditty,
A pleasant song
Is never long,
Supposing it be witty.

And list my noble Lasses,
My Song is of a creature,
Though not so fair
As others are,
Yet wonderful in feature.

Her short black frizled hair,
With Nitts for pearl adorned,
Two else-locks short
And some report,
Besides that she is horned.

Her pious ears down lolling
 Doe shade her mines of Amber,
 Whence treacle drops
 As fast as hoppers,
 Fall down to dress her Chamber.

A frozen dish-clout fore-head
 Which reacheth to her Crown-a,
 But if you'l spie,
 Her hole-bred eye
 Then come a great way down-a.

That eye, so amorously
 Doth blink upon her lover,
 Just like a sow,
 Whose hayry brow,
 Such sweet looks doth discover.

Her nose much like a Parrers,
 Or *Romes* greatest Commanders,
 But such a smell
 No tongue can tell,
 If you come neer her glanders.

Her cheeks are pleasant valleys
 Which meet within her mouth-so
 That you would think
 'Twould stop the stink,
 And turne 't to her profecto.

Her

Her bearded thin-lips powting,
 As Fame her trumpet blows,
 And her catarrhe
 Proclaims a warre,
 Against her glaunders nose.

Her mouths a buttery hatch
 Her swallow is so profound,
 That you would think
 When she doth drink,
 You were in the *Danish* sound,

Her tongue like spotted Ermins
 And on each side a Canker,
 Where such a breath
 Is sudden death,
 But come not neer and thank her.

Her teeth a Tinker hammer'd,
 Out of a brewing kettle;
 Her gumms as red
 As our brown bread,
 Or as the man of mettle.

Her chinn so complementall
 Turns up to catch her drivel,
 Who would not lye
 In a Pigsty,
 With such a Female Devil.

Shee's neck'd much like a gander
 Sweet voic'd as any bittern,
 She sings in prose,
 Like any rose,
 Unto a barbers Cittern.

Her duggs like dry'd cows udder,
 Her teats hang to her belly,
 And all her milk
 As soft as silk,
 But like Toad-tadder gelly.

Stand farther of I pray you,
 Now I have spy'd *Avernus*,
 Which wee'l pass by
 Behind doth lye,
 A place will more concern us.

I cannot choose but tell you
 A truth and 'tis a wonder,
 Her cow'd-bon'd bumme
 Sounds like a drum;
 And can as lowdly thunder.

Her thighs so much salt-water
 Doth every day soak in,
 Shee's Fish below,
 Down to her roe,
 And looks like *Haberdine*.

If any lusty lover can
 But like my Mistress favour,
 Or Friend of mine,
 I will resign,
 And promise he shall have her.

Her parts so farre exceeding
 All other *English* beancies,
 In writing this,
 I have I wis,
 Perform'd a lovers duty.

The new mode of Love.

The whining lover seldom gets a prize
 The bold and careless make the conquest sure,
 When you come to look babies in their eies,
 They whistle you like Hawks unto a lure.

To an old Tune.

OF LOVE whose power and might
 None ever yet withstood,
 Thou so cest me to write
 Come turn about *Robin Hood*.

Sole mistress of my rest
 Let me thus farr presume,
 To make this bold request,
 A black-patch for the Rheume.

Your

Your tresses finely wrought
 Much like a golden snare,
 My silly heart hath caught,
 As *Moss* did catch his *Mare*.

Your eyes like stars divine
 Makes me renew this arrant,
 In simple speeches mine
 A buttock for a warrant.

Oh women will you never,
 But think that I do flatter,
 I vow I lov'd her ever,
 And fain I would be at her.

What i'f I would not doe
 To purchase one good smile,
 Bid me to *China* goe
 And i'll sit still the while.

I think that I shall die
 Love so my heart bewitches,
 It makes me howl and cry,
 Oh! how my elbow itches.

Tears overflow my sight
 With waves of daily weeping;
 That in the careful night
 I take no rest for sleeping.

Cupid is blind men say,
But yet he thinks he seeth,
He hit me 'o-ther day
A T——in *Cupid's* teeth.

My Mistress is so fair,
But oh! her late disgraces,
Hath made me to despair.
A pox take all such faces.

But since my simple merits
Her loving looks must lack,
Come stoppe my vital spirits,
With claret wine and sack.

Regard my great mishaps,
Oh *Jove* thou God of wonder,
Send down thy thunder-claps
And rend her smock asunder.

But if that all relief,
And comforts doth forsake me,
I'll hang my self for grief,
Nay then the Devil take me.

Inge

Her Ingenious *her Answer so modestly delivered.*

Answer.

Your verses I receiv'd,
Like one of *Cupids* Martyrs,
Because you are so griev'd
Goe hang in your own garters.

I cannot choose but pittie
Your lubbers mourning tears,
Because your plaints are witty,
You may goe shake your ears.

To purchase your delight
No labour I will leese,
Your pains I will requite
With a nogge of bread and cheese.

'Tis you I fain would see,
'Tis thee I only think on,
My looks as kind shall be
As the Devils over *Lincoln*.

I long to see thee here
I must enjoy thee one day,
Meantime come kiss me there
Where I did sit on *Sunday*.

Doctor Donnes Couplet.

HE that hath business and makes love
Doth doe,
Such wrong as when a married man
Doth woe.

The Version.

HE that makes love his business
Then doth doe
No wrong at all, and married men
May woe.

A CATCH.

To the Tune of, *New Oysters.*

3. **N**ew Roysters, new Roysters, new Roysters new,
3. What tame Knights have you to dress,
3. Have you any Maids with child.

The wise contented Cuckold, To an old, Tune.

*Who ere would lead a happy life,
All jealousy eschew
With no strict hand nor foolish strife,
Still let her have her due.*

I Am a contented man,
 And I have a dainry wife,
 Who labours as much as she can,
 To make me a happy life.

I've neither money nor lands,
 Nor trade to get me some bread,
 Nor can I work with my hands,
 And yet I am bravely fedde.

I have cloaths and money to spend,
 I goe and come when I will,
 I drink a quart with a Friend,
 Such Toll I get by my Mill.

I have good pewter and brass,
 Two chambers furnished well,
 I should be counted an afs,
 How I got them, for to tell.

Brave Gallants come to my door,
 And aske me for Madam Brown,
 But your ill-bred Country-boor
 Would Gammer-her like a Clown.

She winks, and I step aside,
 Then intreats him to draw nigh;
 And looks as sweet as a Bride,
 As coy and as cunningly.

Up stairs she so nimbly goes,
 You can hardly hear her tread,
 She knows her friends from her foes,
 'Tis a pretty Rogue in a bed.

When the fool is sneaking gone,
 She sits her down on my knee,
 And cries my Dear Chuk, my John,
 I'm fain to do this for thee.

'Tis a plaguy widdy-wench,
 Steals mony into my pocket,
 And Tickles me like a Tench,
 And for all gramercy blockhead.

All night sometimes she is out
 At some great bodies labour,
 She nimble whisks about,
 As 'twere at a Pipe and a Tabor.

But when she cometh home agen,
 She stroaks my forehead and face,
 And ever I cry Amen,
 Where ever my wife says grace.

The Merchant sends in good wine,
 Fat Gammons and Botargo,
 We altogether doe dine,
 But Betty unlades his Cargo.

My Draper sends in fine cloath,
 Her Mercer the richest silk,
 The little Rogue gives them breath
 But robs the Calves of their milk.

Fine linnen, and silk stockings,
 And sweet perfumed gloves,
 She gets by Nurse-like Rockings,
 Let others get by their Loves.

What fools will goe bare and poor,
 And starve for want of good meat,
 And swear that his wife's a whore
 When she goes forth to repeat.

If twenty light their candle
 At mine, what is it the worse?
 All things were made to handle,
 All sorts of coin in a purse.

A wife that's a wag-tail born,
 If curb'd will spend thy estate;
 'Tis better to have my horn
 Of plenty, let other men prate.

If all men be not like me,
 They are more troubled than I,
 I know the worst I can be,
 It is but the chance of a dye.

A Ballad to some Friends in the Country.

IN place where claps are called Geese,
 And farting is Icleped sneese,
 So Marmalade is roasted Cheese;
 Which no body can deny.

Where (men) women doe make Cuckold
 Holding land in Tenure Buck-hold,
 Neer the mannour called Muck-hold (alias)
 Which no body can deny.

Where Goats are by Hogs-Norton kept,
 Where bad is good, and Boar-hunt left,
 Where thou and I have often slept.

Where *A-mare-Il* is and her Cully,
 Doe parsonate or wench or Bully,
 Thour help of *Ovid* or of *Tully*.

Where men from tops of Towers do fly,
 And yet no more then birds do die,
 Such power's in sack-divinity.

Where Pidgeons more then people prays,
 For they at Church are still six daies,
 Their Croo is their expressive laies.

And

And on the seventh till bell doth ring,
 Where *Hopkins* rimes the people sing,
 With a Hey derry down high ding.

But then the Homily being done,
 The Lord invites the Vicar home,
 Mistake not 'tis not he of *Rome*.

VVhere he the meat prays for, and drink,
 VVith eys of Faith, for he doth wink,
 The Cats eies out just so do pink.

But in this place I have been told,
 If on report I may be bold,
 The folks are neither hot nor cold.

Two Vicars claim unto the Church,
 And both alike the Parish lurch,
 Yet lowly doe the poor souls curch.

The one in house prays for the people,
 VVhose turrets doe exceed the steeple,
 The Del'e a one, who cares a pebble.

The other sayes that he doth pray,
 'Tis for himself the people say,
 And for his daughter by my fay.

I'm sure the folks are yet no better,
Then those who never read a letter,
Non legis finds the law a Debtor.

In such a place where corn doth grow,
Where none doe reap, nor none doe sow,
And such a place as none does know.

'Tis Paradise a man would think
But for the Rivers there of drink,
Where he that swims is sure to sink,

If these strange things be but as true,
I'll come and see, till then adieu,
So here's a health to all the Crew,
Which no body dare deny.

The Da byshire Maid.

*A Jolly black Lass came up to the Town
And wander'd about, till she came to Whitehall,
But when she had seen both Courtier and Clown
She lik'd the Life-guard men better then all.*

There was a Maid of *Darby-shire*,
Would needs come to the City
To see those fights which she had heard,
For she was wondrous witty.

She

She was so stout,
 She look'd about,
 The doors and the shops were all open,
 But then she said,
 I am afraid
 That they are lately broken.

She heard a Tinkers kettle ring,
 Quoth she, here's bees a swarming,
 And saw the folks go in and out
 With such a noyse and charming.
 Yet was so stout,
 She lookt about
 To see when the people would settle.
 Or else that they
 Would fly away,
 Hearing no more the kettle.

But now she spy'd a Goldsmiths stall,
 Where Gold was laida sunning,
 These Citizens are Fools she cry'd
 Who have so little cunning,
 We make a show
 Of what we owe,
 But no body knows our riches,
 If this they give
 They cannot live,
 But begg for bread and breeches,

A little farther passing on,
 She wonder'd at their breeding,
 They cry'd fair Maid, what doe you lack,
 Here's choice, take for your needing,
 She thank'd them all,
 Both great and small,
 Although she were but a stranger,
 Yet she had friends,
 Would make amends,
 Of which there was no danger.

She bid good-deine, and then she heard,
 A wench was crying matches,
 Bellows to mend and kitchin-stuff,
 She thought them singing catches;
 By the mass quoth she
 Those Ballads we,
 Have from *Northampton* Poet,
 Nor *Smithfield* wares
 With brains and stairs,
 Are half so good I know it.

A guilt-coach with-glass windows too't,
 Just then was passing by her,
 If all our houses were so built
 Quoth she, we'd fear no fire;
 The footmen too,
 Made such a show,

For Lords, she them saluted,
 And duckt so low
 That in one throw,
 Her coats were all polluted.

To *Covent Garden* then she came,
 With love so strong perfumed,
 Seeing the Life-guard there on horse;
 She then was quite consumed:

Good Lord quoth she
 These Princes be,
 With Red-coats, and with Feathers,
 The sword and belt,
 My heart hath felt,
 No horse can break such Tethers.

I love not one alone, but all,
 Five hundred horse and more-a,
 And yet me thinks one Irish-man
 I still preferre before-a:

Oh happy sight
 I take delight,
 To see and smell their horses,
 And for their good
 Will keep my blood,
 And kiss their very arses.

To my Lord Bellasyse in Tangier, upon a New-
years day.

COULD I as well (as wish) present,
It should not be a Complement;
But since the most that I possess,
Is from your Lordship, I confess,
Unless you'll call this fruit mine own,
The seed was by your Lordship sown:
A soyl (though rich) sometimes brings forth
But little grain, and little worth,
Being oversown with too much seed,
Shows it is fertil, though in weed;
And I, so much obleig'd, may say
Ingratitude's no sin this way:
But now I pray a happy year
I mean at *Worlab*, not here,
Leaving the Rains in *Affrica*,
Which throws down houses e'ry day,
Washing the cement of our walls,
And one another by their falls
Beats down, seeming as they would say,
Wee'l make the mole, or choak the hay;
Those dear-bought cork-woods, fruits and flowers
The costly sorts, and rotten towres,
Those fruits upon your Lordships wall
At *Worlab* your own may call,
Ther's no Levant, to blast your trees,
Nor house invaded by the seas,

The

The grass which grows before your doors,
 Doth hide no ambush of the Moon,
 No Jacals to devour your sheep,
 Nor publick cares to break your sleep,
 On *Lincoln* Heath, runne for a cup,
 Fill't with sound wine, and drink it up,
 Her's Malaga, mixt wine and stumme
 Which kills outright or makes men dumb,
 Leave meat unsound, and Spanish fruits,
 And nothing good but our old suits
 To keep us warm, and from the sun,
 And so my Creed of *Tangers* done.
 Nothing I know is wanting there,
 And nothing else I know is here,
 Then welcome to your *Iibaca*,
 And happy be I ever pray,
 In family, in friends, and fame,
 In honour, fortune and good name;
 In all things what you wish to be,
 And one thing more I wish to see.

*A Ballad, To the Tune of the Song in the play
 of Bartholomew Fair.*

*Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd at thy
 Nurse.*

YE wicked Fishmongers, and Butchers repent
 And all ye Coal-sellers, as wicked or worse,

VVho

Who make the poor people keep all the year lēnt
 Though you get their mony, yet you have their
 (curse,

Ye oft have, beēntold,
 Both young yea and old,
 That wolves will devour our sheep in the fold.
 What Cannibals are ye to eat one another,
 And worser then wolves to sister and brother,
 'Twere better by much ye ne're had been born,
 Then men should be like to beasts that wear
 (horns.

Ye Brewers and Bakers, who cosen the poor,
 With weights and with measures, 'tis shame for
 (to tell,
 And make them to run so fast on the score,
 For which ye run faster (God bless us) to Hell,
 Ye oft have been taught,
 Good comes not of naught,
 And gold is not good, if too dearly be bought.
 Then pray be contented with moderate gains,
 Amend your bad lives, and wash out your stains,
 Least that if a Famine should come, I tell true,
 Instead of good meat, the poor would eat you.

Ye Ladies and Gallants who flaunt it so gay,
 Remember the poor whilst ye are above ground,
 And still give a little, ye well enough may,
 Repent and relent, amend and be sound,

I tell ye in time,
In this godly Rime,
That the other world is a much hotter clime,
Then doe some good deeds, whilst ye are in the
way,

Deserre it no longer to another day,
What thanks will ye have to give (when ye die)
To the rich now the poor doe starvingly lie,

Ye gamesters who sit up whole nights at your
dice,

And never consider the time that ye spend,
And think that fair-play is a virtue not vice,
Although ye undoe your selves or your friend;
But take it from me,
Who ever ye be,

From cheating and swearing, ye are not all free,
And men do but flatter themselves in a sin,
To get from another a point or a pin;
For covetousness is the root of all ill,
The rich are made poor, the poor poorer still.

Ye merchants and Citizen-trades of all sorts,
Who eat of the best, and trick-up your wives,
Who take your delights in plaies and in sports,
Your wares are no better, then are your bad lives,
There are some good men,
Yet not one in ten,

But saies to what e're he can get his Amen,
 Alack and-a day for ill gotten goods
 Will moulder away like sands with the floods,
 Repent and be humble, give well to the poor,
 VVhat's honestly got increaseth your store.

Remember those thousands who lately have dy'd,
 Remember your feares and your promises made,
 Your sins of Rebellion, your lusts and your pride,
 Take heed you relapse not, unto the same trade:

Amend all your lives,

Both husbands and wives,

For they must needs goe, when the Devill 'tis
 (drives,

Fear God in the first place, the King next obey,
 Each one love their neighbour, let all of us pray,
 Our peace and our plenty will then so succeed,
 Though all be not rich, yet none will have need.

The Day Starre of the North.

*A Maid so fair, richaste, and good,
 And anciently of Brittish blood,
 From Maddocks Princes of North-wales,
 Doth now in Doncaster reside,
 So famous of all both farre and wide,*

THIS wonder of the Norther starre,
 VVhich shines so bright at *Donc-ster*
 Doth threaten all mankind a warre,
 VVhich no body can deny.

The

The *French*, the *Dutch*, and *Danish* fleet,
 If ever they should come to meet,
 Must all lye captives at her feet,
 VVhich no body can deny.

High blooded Princes and hot Peers,
 Must altogether shake their ears,
 Though ne're so bold in their cariers,
 Which no body can deny.

Your small Knights-errant; she defies,
 For if that any one she spies,
 To look on her, he surely dies,
 Which no body can deny.

Hid *Randolph* been a *Rowland* too,
 Alas 'twere more then they could do,
 To stand the brunt of such a foe,
 Which no body can deny.

A hundred Knights at once she kill'd
 Or maimed so she made them yield,
 Not one of them could touch her shield,
 Which no body can deny.

The bravest Knights, though ne're so bold,
 But like sheep driving to a fold,
 She makes their hearts as tame and cold,
 Which no body can deny.

The fairest *Queens* of *Amazons*,
 With her brought in comparisons,
 Are *Pigmies* to the greatest *Dons*,
 Which no body can deny.

Had *Hercules* met this one maid,
 Though fifty in one night he pay'd,
 Yet here he would have prov'd a *Jade*,
 Which no body can deny.

If all our guards of horse were there,
 The oaths of chastity must swear,
 Or all of them she would cashier,
 Which no body can deny.

The peace we talk of with the *Dutch*
 Doth not concern us half so much,
 We better know to deal with such,
 Which no body can deny.

We first should make a peace with her,
 As *Turk* did once with *Launcester*,
 So *London* now with *Doncaster*,
 Which no body can deny.

Defendants, should she come to town,
 And on the Court at *White-hall* frown,
 Then all the folks would tumble down,
 Which no body can deny.

Nay worse then that, our women too;
 Shee'd teach them all to answer no,
 Then we should have no more to do,
 Which no body can deny.

What would become of all our youth,
 So Ticklish in tail and mouth,
 In this new mode of honest truth,
 Which no body can deny.

No, no, she never must come here,
 We must not live in so much fear,
 The North's enonggh to govern there,
 Which no body can deny.

*The Northern Lass to the same Person, To a
 new Tune.*

Fairer maid cannot be found,
 In any place on English ground,
 Fame gives her out as good as fair,
 'Tis very true; though wondrous rare.

There dwells a Maid in *Duncaster*,
 Is named *Betty Maddock*,
 No fallow Deer so plump and fair
 E're feedd in Park or Paddocks.
 Her skin as sleek
 As *Taffie Leek*,

And white as t'other end on't,
 Like snow doth melt,
 So soon as felt,
 Could you but once descend on't,

The spider-weaver never spun
 Threds like her lovely tresses,
 Like purled gold, the curled ends
 Choise Nature made for drestles;

Adown they flow,
 Her feet below,
 Allp arts are now so hidden,
 You cannot spye,
 (Figg-leaves laid by.)
 One twist of the forbidden.

Her eyes have no comparison,
 But like to one another,
 Her lips are twins, fine Lobster-red;
 And those who would not smother,
 Her wasps-like waist,
 So neatly fact,

Without a sting i'th tail on't,
 Yet though there were,
 I wonder where

The man is, who would fail on't.

I'm sure high-mounting Cavaliers,
 Have often there alighted,

She was the busshers, they had there
And still they were benighted:

Both Lord and Duke,

She made to puke,

In love so much be-spatter'd,

But not a touch,

For ne're so much,

Not one of them the matter d,

A hundred horse be-shrew my heart,

At once to ride on wooing,

And by a stout Commander todde,

With hopes of mighty doing,

No Officer,

Nor Brigadier,

Nor Quartermaster sent her,

With all their horse,

And mighty force,

Could in her quarters enter.

Yet she permitted them to eat,

And drink whilst they would carry,

A thousand rather were i worn to bedd

Her first, and then to marry,

In troth quoth she,

Your honesty,

Appears in making matches,

When I am wedd,

Ile goe to bedd,

And not be sung in Catches.

Of seven husbands I have read,
 But of a hundred never,
 And since I cannot marry all,
 For one I will endeavour,
 This I propose
 To him a choise,
 For I will have this Tryal,
 But dauce me down,
 I am his own,
 He shall have no denial,

They danc'd a Jigg, but fell so fast,
 There's none could bear up to her,
 Only the gallant that came last,
 Made oath he would undo her;
 She smiling said,
 Poor me a maid,
 Must live a little longer,
 And straight she found
 Him on the ground,
 Now hopes to find a stronger.

*The Parson of Runford, or a merry saying, To
 the Tune of, Away to Twiford, away, away.*

I Sing of no Ladies who dance in the Court,
 Nor of the big Lords, so hugely gay,
 But of Lads and of lasses, who make as good sport,
 Then away to Runford, away, away.

From *Barnes*, and *Epping*, from *Bow*, and
Mill,
 With ribbons and flowers, with garlands for May,
 Fine girls and their lovers did trip it an end,
 And away to *Ramford*, away, away.

The streets with green rushes, and bowers of
 boughs,
 To welcome these guests, the musick doth play,
 The houses as sweet as the breaths of our cows,
 Come away to *Ramford* away, away.

What tricking, what trimming, what puddings,
 what soups,
 Nay mustard with beef prepar'd for the day,
 And Piggs that the Parson kept long in his house
 For this meeting at *Ramford* to day, to day.

But O, the brave Gammons with pepper and
 cloves,

And stinging good ale, was there by my say,
 As sweet and as hot as the huss of our loves,
 Come away to *Ramford* away, away.

Then cheese-cakes, with currans so finely were
 set,

Your Ladies black-patches, are not so gay,
 Stew'd prunes in a syrup, as black as the jet,
 Come away to *Ramford*, away, away.

This woundy great fell the Parson the make,
 In his close-girt-coat, as pert as a Jack,
 Could do no more stand than a bear at a stake,
 In the town of *Rumford*, to day, to day.

For joy, he spurr'd us a question to marry,
 And told us the season was best in May,
 Go to it quoth he, for time will not tarry,
 And welcome to *Rumford*, I say, I say.

We look'd, and we look'd on one another,
 He formerly taught us our flesh was but clay,
 Why should we not joy, like sister and brother,
 'Tis time at *Rumford*, to day, to day.

Then *Rowland* a Keeper in *Epping Chase*,
 As bold as a stag at the Rut, did say,
 Fair *Win*-- now 'll marry, not bating an Ace,
 This day at *Rumford*, to day to day.

She blush'd, and the wish'd it were quietly done
 But said good *Rowland*, what hast is I pray,
 Now you hold me so fast that I cannot run,
 This night then in *Rumford*, I'll stay, I'll stay.

Now hey for *Burnt-wood*, *Tom Tanner* did cry,
 His face shining yellow, his hands brown bay,
 He swor'd he'd be coupled to *Jenny* or *Dye*,
 In the Town of *Rumford*, to day, to day.

Dick Butcher of *Bow* came in a great huffe ;
 Swore *Doll* of the *Dairy* should lead the way,
 Since both he and she handled much better stuffe ;
 In the *Town* of *Rumford*, then they, then they.

Little *Robbin* a glover of *Mile-end Town*,
 With *Mama* who dwelt at the *Bottle of Hay*,
 Were clapt together with a hey derry down,
 And all in *Rumford* to day, to day.

A dozen in couples, more the next morn,
 Went all to the *Church*, to marry and pray,
 That e'ry one might have a small pocket horn,
 When they went from *Rumford*, away, away.

Strike up *Tom Piper*, and *Kit* with your *Fiddle*,
 Play *Room* for *Cuckolds*, 'tis now almost day,
 Goe home with your wives, and play it down-
 And away from *Rumford*, away, away.

To cure *Rebellion* in the State,
 A second time our *Charles* hath led,
 And looking how you met in the
 'Tis a *King* and which we cure
 To bring you back to your *Home*,
 Those *Bones* and the *King* of *Wales*,
 Forgive'st Heaven we did misdeed
 Who you own *Riches* have brought
 Ye *Much* once grow into our hands

Carolus, A Carole, Carle Magnus Major.

*Upon his Highness the Duke of York, his Victory,
at Sea over the Dutch.*

WHat sawcy mungrel slaves are those,
Greater then *Charls* the great oppose,
M'screant Mahonds, Rebel Rats,
Your daring hastens on your fate,
Will Punny-Giants make a warre,
'Gainst Heavens predict, by a starre,
Calling to Battail mighty *Turks*
A' glorious man to do their work;
Vain pufft up Bubbles, durst ye think,
That ye could swim, and he should sink
Great men are call'd to sit above;
Your groveling souls, both Center move,
As Princes Prize for Butter-boxes,
Or Lyons to be tane by Foxes;
Ye Mushromes grown under our shade,
Who your own safeties have betray'd,
Forgin's Heaven we did maintain
Those Boars against the King of Spain,
But nature planted 'gainst your shoars
*Englis*h to kill such brawny Boars,
'Tis a Kings evil, which we cure,
And stroaking now you must indure,
A second gift our *Charls* hath blest,
To cure Rebellion in the breast,

When

When we protect'd Fishermen,
 Innocent we thought ye then,
 Ye practis'd new Apostle-ship,
 And through the world your selves did ship,
 As Missioners from Heaven sent
 To farm the world at such a Rent,
 Forgiveness for your former crimes
 Might have been had, if begg'd betimes,
 For justice now *Amboyna* calls:
 Who sins anew, by old sins falls.
 Your hop'd Protector, of our *France*,
 Will but your Miseries advance,
 Protectors thrice not in this age
 Which he may find i'th second page:
 Infatuated men ye are
 No hope for mercy's in this warr,
 Since some mens Lives, this war hath cost
 Will not be pay'd when *Holland's* lost.
 Like Jews throughout the world you'll be
 Slav'd and condemn'd to infamy,
 Into the Sea goe head-long down
 Those very graves are not your own,
 Ye never had the fishing trade,
 So much your own and so well payd,
 The next season and fair weather,
 Wee'l catch the fish and you together,
 For Brittish Monarchs will command,
 All ye call'd yours by sea or land,
 O're the whole world, Sea-soveraign
 First conquer'd by our Charlemain.

*A Ballad on a Friends wedding, to the Tune of Sir
John Sucklings Ballad.*

*As an Attendant on Sir John
I wait without comparison,
Great difference is in our pen
And something in the Maids and Men,
I do not write to get a name
At best, this is but Ballad-fame,
And Suckling hath shut up that door,
To all hereafter as before.*

NOW Tom if Suckling were alive,
And knew who Harry were to wive,
He'd shift his name I trow,
From Charing-cross to Clarkenwel
And sure as fine a Tale would tell,
As he did long agoe.

But since his wit hath left no heir
He sing my song of such a pair,
The like hath not been seen,
In all our markets round about
Within our City-walls, or out,
God bless the King and Queen.

The youth I was about to name
 But 'twere too much to lessen fame,
 So known of such a grace,
 Who 'mongst the lads and lasses too,
 There's none who makes a greater doo,
 At e'ry game and chase.

The maid so fair as by report,
 The brightest ladies in the court,
 Were surely much afraid,
 Least she appearing should displace,
 The vogue of any better face,
 'Tis not unlikely said.

But *Cloris* and her sheaphe:d too
 Are not concern'd, what others doo,
 Under an humble Vne,
 Both sitting, in one instant say,
 (Too long) to morrow will the day,
 Be then I shall be thine.

Poor innocents they knew not why,
 Yet would with one another lie,
 Their thoughts were grown so great
 And Poetiz'd their fancy,
 That they immortaliz'd should grow,
 Would neither sleep nor eat.

Alike so them was day or night,
 They were so raptur'd with delight.

And

And measur'd time by thought,
 Their cloaths by custome they put on,
 And hand in hand walk'd fast along
 So sound the Priest they sought.

The holy-man forgot his book
 And now and then he stole a look,
 As oft about to pray,
 Believing something there inshrin'd,
 So much transcending humane kind,
 He knew not what to say.

But fearing that he might offend
 The Saint so newly made his friend,
 Dispatcht what he begun,
 The Bride and Bridegroom left the place,
 As they had been to run a race,
 Scarce knowing what was done.

The people whom they pass'd by
 As if it were some hue and cry,
 Forsook their houses quire,
 And by pursuing came at last
 To find the doors and windows fast,
 VVhere they had made their flight.

The guests invited to the day
 Came there, but knew not what to say,
 It was so strange a thing,

No meat nor musick, favours, gloves,
 Posset nor cakes to shew their loves,
 The Bride had but a Ring.

Thus full three daies and nights are fled,
 Since that the shepherds took their bed,
 'Twas time I trow to rise,
 For mortaliz'd they are agen,
 And call for meat like other men,
 Nature must have supply.

The Prz-invited guests came in:
 Like those who had intranced been,
 None gave that daies salote,
 Seeing the blushing shepherds sit,
 Like our first Parents, for a bit
 Of the forbidden fruit.

But then a matron ag'd threescore,
 Though truly told, full twenty more,
 Thus to the Bridegroom saies,
 But not asham'd thou hast done well
 And doing often is a spell,
 All women love to praise.

The married, and the maids applaus,
 Soon known by hem at e'ry clause,
 The scene is alter'd quite.

For now the house with noise doth ring,
In e'ry tongue and tail a ring,
For such another night.

The Souldier who at push of pike,
Saies one, stands longest I doe like,

And thrusts, and thrusts again;
Another cries, I love the brunt
And brave induring in the front,
Give me such sprighly men.

But then a blushing maid replys,
My father told my mother lyes,

And so may others doe;
He promis'd her, the Seaman's vow,
But he perform'd the Lord knows how,
And glad she had it too.

Now supper call'd the Musick playes,
Healths to those pleasant nights and dayes,

The shepherds rarely pass;
The tables drawn, a dance or two,
The Bride and Groom had more to doe,
Such as they did the last.

But say the maids, now claim a right
A custome, (yet) of much despite,

To see the Bride in bed,
Which willingly she would excuse
Though seemingly did not refuse,
Twas now no May-den-head.

The

(111)
The men for Bridal garters strive
The Mayds for Godpeice points alive,
But see a wondrous scape;
For had his breeches now been on,
Had suffer'd a dissection,
Or they had made a Rape.

But still the stockings are to throw,
Some threw too high, and some too low,
There's none could hit the mark:
But lest the bride and bridegroom too't,
Assur'd enough that they could doo't,
Though it were ne're so dark.

Of Amity and Friendship.

A Mity is a sacred flame,
Nature first kindled in our breast,
That heat extinct; only the name
Equal remains to men and beasts.

Soul of the world; true Amity,
As needful is to all mankind,
As fire and water, for we see
Without no joy nor tast we find.

Salt of our life, nursing mother
To all society humane,
A friend to me, is my brother,
Against an *Abel* was a *Gain*.

Tyrants in nature had they power
The Soul of friendship would destroy,
Malice and bad men would deflowr
What e're themselves could not enjoy.

Friendship sufficeth to preserve
The world; no need of laws to bind,
Which now as second means does serve,
To awe those wills to bad inclin'd.

Howe're the law takes place below,
For friendship rules the heart and hand,
Our wills and the effects; we know,
The Law but outides can command.

All good law-makers ever had
A greater care of Amity
Then Justice; though the laws not bad,
Yet sometimes credit loose we see.

Friendship distinguish'd into parts
Nature, virtue, profit, pleasure,
Virtue the noblest wedlocks hearts,
'Tis the souls indies natures measure.

The portraict and description
Of perfect friendship is a free,
And general confusion,
Of souls exchange'd in Amity.

Not only a conjunction
Of solid things however knit,
There may be separation,
This perfect love will not admit.

The souls are plung'd and drowned so
In one another that you can,
No more divide then you can do,
Things liquid, or create a man.

On choice and liberty of will,
'Tis built without exception,
Goods, honours, judgments, thoughts and will,
Nay life; this is perfection.

From this confusion proceeds
You cannot lend nor give to each,
No speech of good turns or good deeds,
Nor thanks for that declares a breach.

In common friendships these are found
The nourishers; in union
Those testimonies are not found,
But signs are of division.

'Twere nonsense and strange complement
To thank my self for what I doe,
Unto my self who can invent,
I should divide my self in two,

Disputers in Religion
 Like talkers are of Amity,
 For in a thousand there's not one,
 Who practise that divinity.

Oh sacred friendship much abus'd!
 Transmuted into policy,
 For want of wit he is accus'd,
 Hath friendship and true honesty.

Were all to Avarice inclin'd,
 The world would quickly have an end,
 Men not *Tum* we should find,
 Would leave but one himself to friend.

God was for money bought and sold,
 Yet still we dose on cursed self,
 May he that makes (his God) his gold,
 Like that Apostate hang himself.

Perverted principles; for truth
 Is now asserted interest,
 The Religion of age and youth,
 Friendship's a name without a Test.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

NOW you have pay'd, and Read, Farewell.
Be wiser yes and keep counsel,
For like to him who show'd a Mare
Horse and no Horse, to be seen there,
The T-yl was where the Head should be,
Tis h' Danger ty'd; my Poetry;
Is such a show; for wanting Coyne,
The Lyon with the Fox I joyn.
And thank ye all for this Relief
'Tis better then a Begging-brief,
In all this Town ye cannot find
A sifter Man to cheat the Blind.
